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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK)

(REGISTERED.)

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MONTRÉAL AND TORONTO, 15th MARCH, 1890.

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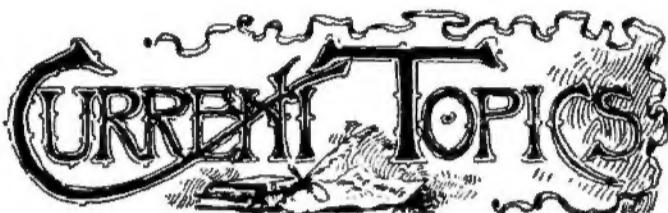
L. A. CATELLIER, UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE.
(Topley, photo.)

The Dominion Illustrated.

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15th MARCH, 1890.



Any one who has watched some of our horses ascending a hill in winter, with heavy loads behind them, must have observed the sore struggle of the poor creatures to keep their footing. Use, of course, works marvels in accommodating their feet to the task that they have to perform. Animals, like men, learn caution and tact in the use of their limbs. It is well that they are gifted with the sense that makes them thus circumspect, for their owners, as a rule, do little to help them. Let any human being have an iron shoe attached to his foot, which entirely neutralizes the power of movement natural to it, and how quickly he would stumble in making an ascent up slippery ground! If the horse proves unequal to the twofold strain imposed on him, he has learned by experience what treatment to expect. It is painful, therefore, to see his super-equine efforts to escape slipping and the driver's whip. Now, a shoe has been devised which, being let on the foot, leaves the frog of it free to grip the ground. It is also a counter-agent to several diseases, of which the ordinary method is the known cause. This shoe has been examined and commended, and has even won prizes at exhibitions. There is an American invention and an English adaptation or *vice versa*. Nothing but lazy adherence to tradition prevents its general adoption. This is a point on which the Veterinary Medical Association might advantageously exert its influence. There is no part of the world where horse-shoeing needs reform more glaringly than in this province.

The Alaska seal monopoly has been awarded, but not to the old Commercial Company. On the 28th ult., it was announced that Mr. Secretary Windom had directed a lease to be granted to the North American Commercial Company, of New York and San Francisco, for the exclusive privilege of taking fur seals on the islands of St. Paul and St. George (the Pribyloff group) for a period of twenty years, from May 1, 1890. The president of this company is Mr. S. Lieber. The company has undertaken to pay an annual rental of \$55,200 and a royalty of \$10.75 for every skin taken. It is expressly understood that the catch shall not be limited to less than 100,000 annually after the first year of the new company's operations. The old company offered only \$50,000, with \$6.75 for each skin. But it also promised to provide churches and schools and a hundred comfortable dwellings. The company also undertook to pay as high a rent as that which any other responsible corporation might offer in good faith. The Government evidently deemed it more secure to accept at once the more favourable bid of the rival North American

Company. The church, schools and houses, which the Alaska Company was willing to erect and establish, Mr. Windom probably regarded as more satisfying to the conscience of the bidder and the communities concerned than to the United States. In the announcement of the sale the Government had reserved the right of declining to accept any offer, however apparently and comparatively advantageous. Though the bids were not very numerous, they represented all sections of the Union—East, West, Centre and South.

All civilization, outside of the domain of the Czar, has been roused to indignant protest against the odious inhumanity of the Russian prison administration. This far-reaching condemnation of brutality is striking evidence of the change which a century has wrought in the mind of Europe. Even Russia pays her tribute of approval (whether in good faith or not the terrible revelations that have stirred the sympathy and the wrath of both hemispheres may bear witness) to the merciful reform inaugurated by John Howard. Yet even after Howard's day "the atrocity and almost grotesque absurdity of the English penal code" was a reproach to British statesmen and a grief to all humane and thoughtful men. When Blackstone wrote his Commentaries there were on the English statute book no less than 160 offences (some of them of the most trivial nature) punishable with death. The sanguinary code was retained, and even defended by draconic legislators and judges. Persons like Beccaria and Romilly, who counseled rational reform, were deemed guilty of a sort of *lèse-majesté*. The former, whose treatise seems to us now so commonplace, was looked upon as revolutionary because he made the aim of all law the greatest happiness of the greatest number, while the latter could with difficulty obtain a serious hearing from those in power. A hundred years earlier women were burned as witches, and some generations before the rack and the thumbscrew were a terror to more than evil-doers. Still further back the record is still darker. "Men branded on the forehead, without hands, without feet, without tongues, lived as an example of the danger which attended the commission of petty crimes, and as a warning to all who had the misfortune of holding no higher position than that of a churl." The world has seen worse years than those of the nineteenth century; but Russia is a long way behind the time.

Educationists in New England have been agitating for normal schools for higher education. The rule hitherto has been that professional training has been confined (almost exclusively) to the lower grades. It is practically taken for granted in the prevailing system that, while elementary and model school teachers require special instruction in the art to which they purpose devoting their lives, no such instruction is necessary for those who are to hold positions in high schools or occupy chairs in colleges. In our normal schools there has, indeed, always been provision made for the training of those who seek to obtain academy diplomas. But in practice, there is no special course of training for the teachers of the higher classes. The old system, which was in almost universal operation before the organization of normal schools, took no note whatever of capacity to teach. The fact that a person had acquired a more or less intimate knowledge of a number of subjects was supposed to imply ability to impart that knowledge. Mr. Oscar Browning, who has written a little volume on "Educational

Theories (the first of a series published by the Harpers and called the Education Library), says that, in spite of great advances in late years, the science of education is still far in advance of the art, and that teachers give their best energies to subjects which educational reformers have condemned for the last two hundred years. "It is plain," he writes, "that the science and art of education will never be established on a firm basis until it is organized on the model of the sister art of medicine. We must pursue the patient methods of induction, by which other sciences have reached the stature of maturity; we must discover some means of registering and tabulating results; we must invent a phraseology and nomenclature which will enable results to be accurately recorded; we must place education in its proper position among the sciences of observation. A philosopher who should succeed in doing this would be venerated by future ages as the creator of the art of teaching."

The Behring Sea question has reached a stage that promises a just settlement. The attention of the Washington Government has been directed to the note addressed by Mr. Adams, Secretary of State, on the 30th of March, 1822, to the Russian Minister to the United States, in which the latter distinctly rejected the Russian plea of a *marc clausum* and of exclusive jurisdiction based thereupon. The language of this note leaves no doubt whatever as to the opinion then entertained on the subject by the Government of the United States. It appeals at once to the inherent insufficiency of the Russian claim and to precedent, American vessels having had unrestricted admission to the waters of Behring Sea from the date of the recognition of the Republic by the powers of Europe to the date of the note. *A fortiori*, it would be impossible either on the grounds of usage or of international law, to maintain the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States in those waters, the American case being not nearly so strong as the Russian. There is no reason, however, why the seal fishery, which, if not protected, would soon be exhausted, should not be regulated by international convention, England, the United States and Russia being the powers chiefly concerned.

We are glad to see that the *Chambre de Commerce* of this city has taken up the question of a statue to the Founder of Montreal. It is now many years since Abbé Verreault urged upon the city the patriotic duty of marking in a worthy manner its respect for the memory of DeMaison-neuve. Abbé Rousseau, in his excellent biography of that great and good man, earnestly seconded the appeal. The Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, led by its learned president, the Hon. Judge Baby, was no less desirous that so just a debt should be paid, even at this late hour. We believe that if the matter were vigorously laid before our citizens, there would be a hearty and generous response. In 1892 Montreal will be holding its 250th anniversary. No more "convenient season" for the inauguration of a monument to DeMaison-neuve could be imagined. Elsewhere we call attention to the triple significance of the year 1892. We are glad to know that our esteemed Mayor has cordially welcomed the proposal of the *Chambre de Commerce*, and, as the undertaking is now in good hands, we may rest assured that 1892 will not pass without due honour being done to Montreal's Founder and one of Canada's most valiant pioneers.

1892:

ITS THREEFOLD SIGNIFICANCE.

It is now nearly seven years since attention was called in the press to the anniversary character of the year 1892, and to the necessity of elaborate preparation if the great event which so materially transformed the course and character of civilization were to be worthily commemorated. For, whatever later research may have revealed as to an earlier knowledge of this continent, to the people of Europe, after Columbus had sighted "the dashing, silver-flashing surges of St. Salvador," it was a new world. That some vague tradition of the existence of an expanse of land in the great ocean west of the Pillars of Hercules may have taken various shapes among the nations of antiquity is quite possible. The story of Atlantis may be such a tradition. Navigation is not of yesterday. There is hardly an island in the Pacific that was not peopled when first visited by Europeans. The record of Hanno's voyage, from which our savants of to-day took their name for the gorilla, gives a fair notion of the cautious and yet enterprising manner in which the Phoenicians, metropolitan or colonial, undertook the work of exploration. Whether Africa was circumnavigated or not by the ancients, there is no reason to doubt their qualifications for such a task. As to their having crossed the Atlantic at any time it is needless to inquire. We know that, at a later date, but still centuries prior to the advent of Columbus, it was found practicable to reach the shores of this western continent, and what took place then may have taken place long before. As to the theory that America was peopled, wholly or chiefly, from Asia, and that Behring strait, or the crescent Aleutian archipelago, furnished an easy passage from mainland to mainland, it is more than possible. But, though libraries have been written on the subject, we are still in the dark as to the origin and affinity of our aborigines,—under what circumstances their ancestors came to these shores, what arts of life they brought with them, and whether the culture of Mexico, Central America and Peru was of native development or introduced from abroad.

There is hardly a country that had made the least advance in civilization that has not been credited with America's prehistoric triumphs. Nations as distinct as the Israelites and the Chinese, the Japanese and the Welsh have been gravely awarded the task of bringing the light to the tribes of the West. No theory has been more tenaciously clung to by a succession of enthusiasts than that the Americans are the ten lost tribes of Israel. Lord Kingsborough devoted a fortune and a lifetime to it. The Chinese theory has been defended with equal persistency. The Welsh and the Irish claims have also their valiant advocates, and Lord Monboddo was disposed to believe the original American Indian a Scottish Celt. The Mormons also have their theory, which is a new version of the Jewish argument. After the general dispersion, America was settled by the Jaredites, but, becoming wicked, they were "removed," and a colony of Israelites marched overland and took their place. The Egyptians and the Hindoos have also been adjudged the honour of the discovery. But the Northmen, of all pre-Columbian pretenders, have best stood the challenge and the test of critical inquiry. The Sagas in which the early voyages of the Norsemen to Iceland, Green-

land and the north-east coast of this continent are described, have been carefully examined by scholars on both sides of the Atlantic. Even those who hold that a good deal of the evidence is vague, if not actually fabulous, and that the text is not always free from the suspicion of tampering, concede that historical proof of those early visits to our shores is not wanting. Mr. B. F. Da Costa, who has devoted years of investigation to the subject, concludes that the testimony is quite as clear and trustworthy as the bulk of received and unquestioned history. He dwells especially on the absence in the Sagas of any trace of special pleading. Sir Daniel Wilson also admits that "with all reasonable doubts as to the accuracy of details, there is the strongest probability of the authenticity of the American Vinland of the Northmen." Mr. Charles G. Leland, who has made a special study of the legends of some of our native Indians, has found among the Micmac and other tribes what he regards as unmistakable traces of former intercourse with the Northmen. A French writer, M. Gabriel Gravier, approaching the subject from a patriotic standpoint, maintains that the Normans, after their settlement in France, still kept up friendly relations with their motherland, and that some of them may, therefore, not improbably have shared in those westward voyages to the New World. Now, as Canada is recognized as the stage (in part, at least,) of the earlier and temporary, as well of the later and permanent settlement of the Northmen; as, moreover, men who speak the tongue of the Sagas—a Canadian newspaper in which tongue is on the table before us—form a noteworthy portion of our present population, it is evident that this question is one of peculiar interest to the population of Canada.

Still it is the year 1492 which, as Sir Daniel Wilson writes, marks for the Old World the beginning of its modern history and for this western hemisphere the dawn of all definite annals. To allow the 400th anniversary of it to pass by without respectful and grateful commemoration would be an outrage to the memory of the great admiral. We do not wonder that the chief cities of North America were rivals for the honour of bearing the expense of the celebration. What is now feared is lest the award to the western metropolis should prove a Cadmean victory, not only to the humiliation of the successful aspirant, but to the disaster of an enterprise in which all America is concerned. Too much time was unhappily lost in vain discussion. Better far had a commission been appointed a couple of years earlier, comprising the various interests involved—local, industrial and commercial—to decide as to the site, the character and the *modus operandi* of so great a memorial event. In spite of dark forebodings, however, we do not share the fears of those who think that the choice of Chicago will be a barren victory to the people of that proud city. The World's Fair will, we may be sure, be provided for at whatever cost or effort, notwithstanding the unfortunate delay. Of course, at this late date—and in the face of the Chicago award—it would be folly for us in Canada to attempt anything so ambitious as a World's Fair. But it ought to be borne in mind that the year—this *annus mirabilis* to which we have so long looked forward—is for Canada a triple anniversary. The discovery of Columbus is as much to us as to our neighbours. But we must not forget that in 1892 this city of Montreal will have been a community of 250 year's standing. The quarter-

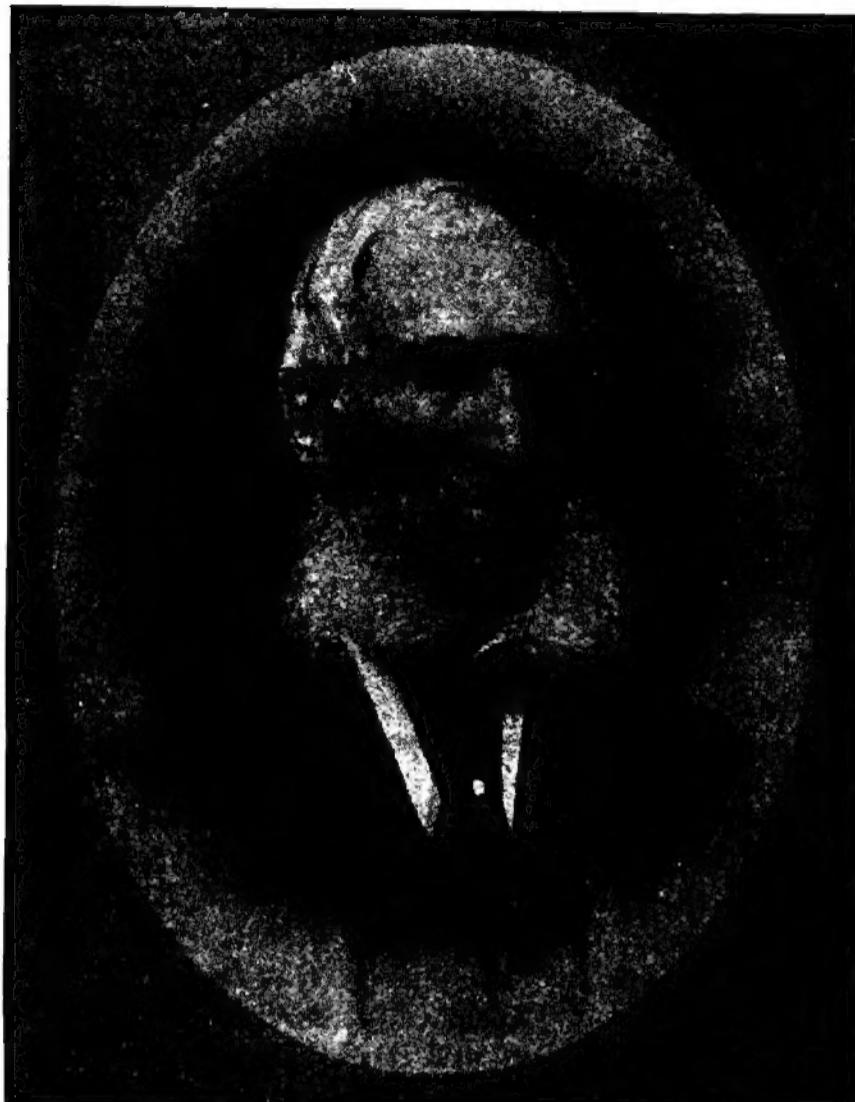
millennial anniversary of a city is a sort of silver wedding that America is not often called upon to commemorate. Forty years, says one of our own writers, to a New-World city is an æon. Now here is an American city that was founded when Milton and Corneille were in the prime of life, when Racine was in his nurses's arms and Dryden a boy at school, when Richelieu was near his end, and Cromwell was near his zenith of power. Surely it is not well that such an anniversary should pass unrecognized. It is not essential to its worthy commemoration that we should ask all the world to see how Father Vimont's prophecy of the grain of mustard seed has been fulfilled. But we may surely accept it as a fit occasion for doing honour to the founder of our city. To the memory of the brave explorer who gave the spot its earlier and its later name due respect has already been paid. DeMaisonneuve also deserves honour at our hands, and no more convenient occasion for paying the debt is likely to occur.

But 1892 will also mark the silver wedding of Confederation. If, therefore, some modest but not ignoble plan for commemorating the 250th anniversary of Montreal's nativity should be devised and carried out, all Canadians can join in it and associate with it the commemoration of the 25th birthday of our Dominion. We may confidently say that such a coincidence as the occurrence of these three great anniversaries—the Discovery of America, the Foundation of Montreal, and the institution of the federal system in Canada, will not often occur in our history, or the history of any country. Some scheme, therefore, by which our recognition of the importance of each of the events whose successive anniversaries in a single year make 1892 for us Canadians a veritable *Annus Mirabilis* is surely only consistent with our dignity as a people.

IRISH FAIRIES.

The *Daione maithe* ("good folk") are a little people, being only a few spans high in their proper persons, though they can assume whatever shape they please and often appear in the form of tall, dark, handsome men or young and beautiful women. Their chief dwelling is in the *sifra*, or fairy house, deep down in the hill-side—a palace, whose walls are of crystal and pillars of silver, with a pavement of gold, where Finvarra, the fairy king of Oonagh, his lovely bride, hold their court. They also frequent the interiors of the green *raths*, or forts, which abound in many parts of Ireland. Here they hold their revels, accompanied with the song and dance, and hence, on clear moonlight nights, they issue forth and dance in the moonbeams to the sound of fairy pipes. Sometimes they may be seen sweeping across the country on milk-white horses shod with silver and bridled with gold, the little men clad in green, with red caps, and the ladies in silver gossamer, with their hair sweeping the ground. They do not appear by day, but when the peasant sees little clouds of dust whirling along in an eddying wind, he takes off his hat and says, "God save ye kindly gentlemen," for he knows that the fairies are riding along on the wind; or else he crosses himself and mutters a prayer or a charm, for it is in these eddying clouds of dust that the fairies are wont to catch up mortals and whirl them away to fairyland.

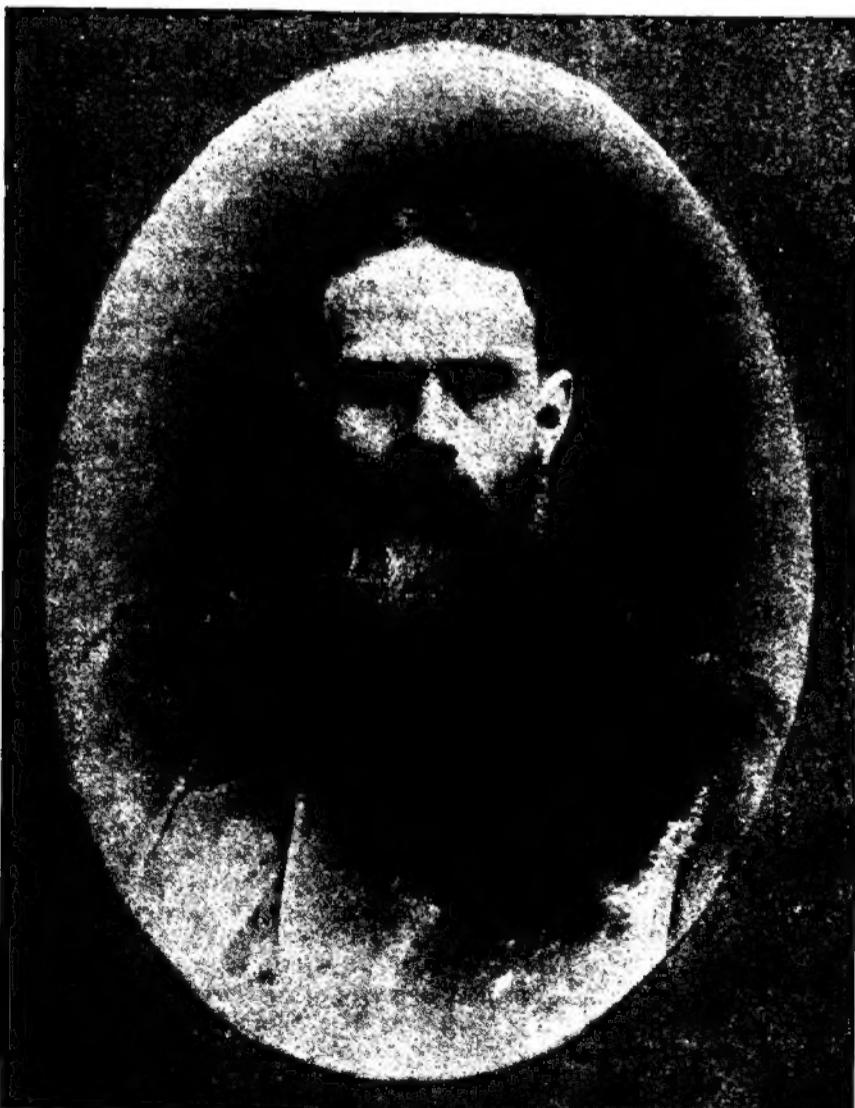
King Finvarra is almost as boldly defined and graceful a personality as the Apollo of Greek myth, whom, in many respects, he greatly resembles; like him, he is a lover of mortal maids, delights in the song and dance, and confers many and great benefits upon those whom he favours, though he can be very vindictive toward all who offend him, and can inflict hardly less terrible maladies both bodily and mental by means of the "fairy stroke" than could the King of the Silver Bow himself. The fairies in general are an amorous race, and although their consorts are endowed with more than earthly beauty, they evince a decided preference for mortal loves, and it is dangerous for a pretty girl to approach a "gentle"—i. e., fairy-haunted—spot after dark. Many a tale is told of maidens spirited away by their elfin lovers, while the ladies, who fully share the tastes of their lords, delight in beguiling any handsome young man whom they can get into their power. Sometimes the mortals who excite this fatal passion are carried off entirely.—*The National Review*.



HON. AMOS E. BOTSFORD, Senator.
(Topley, photo.)



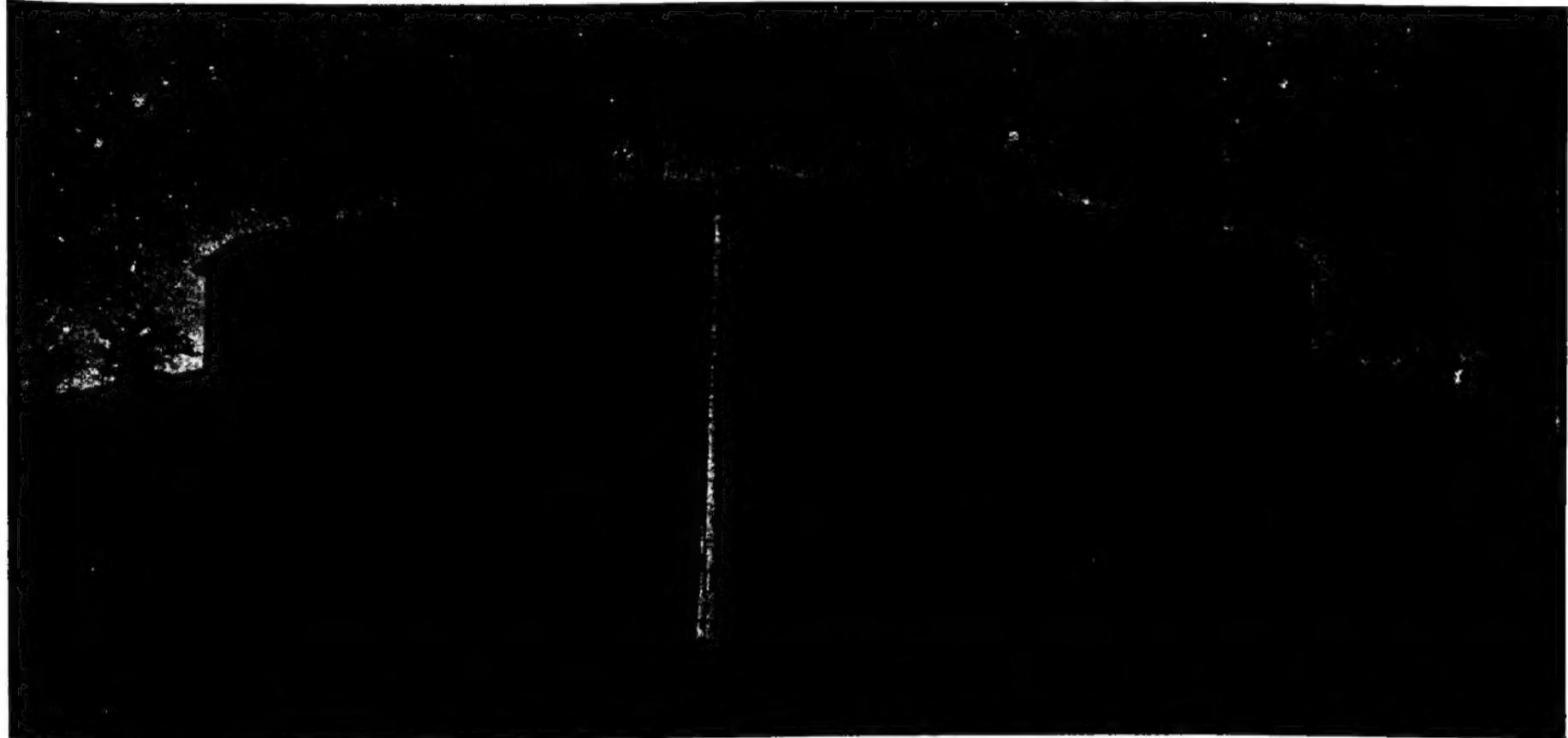
HON. MARC A. GIRARD, Senator.
(Topley, photo.)



R. N. HALL, M.P. for Sherbrooke, Q.
(Topley, photo.)



LT.-COL. W. E. O'BRIEN, M.P. for Muskoka, Ont.
(Topley, photo.)



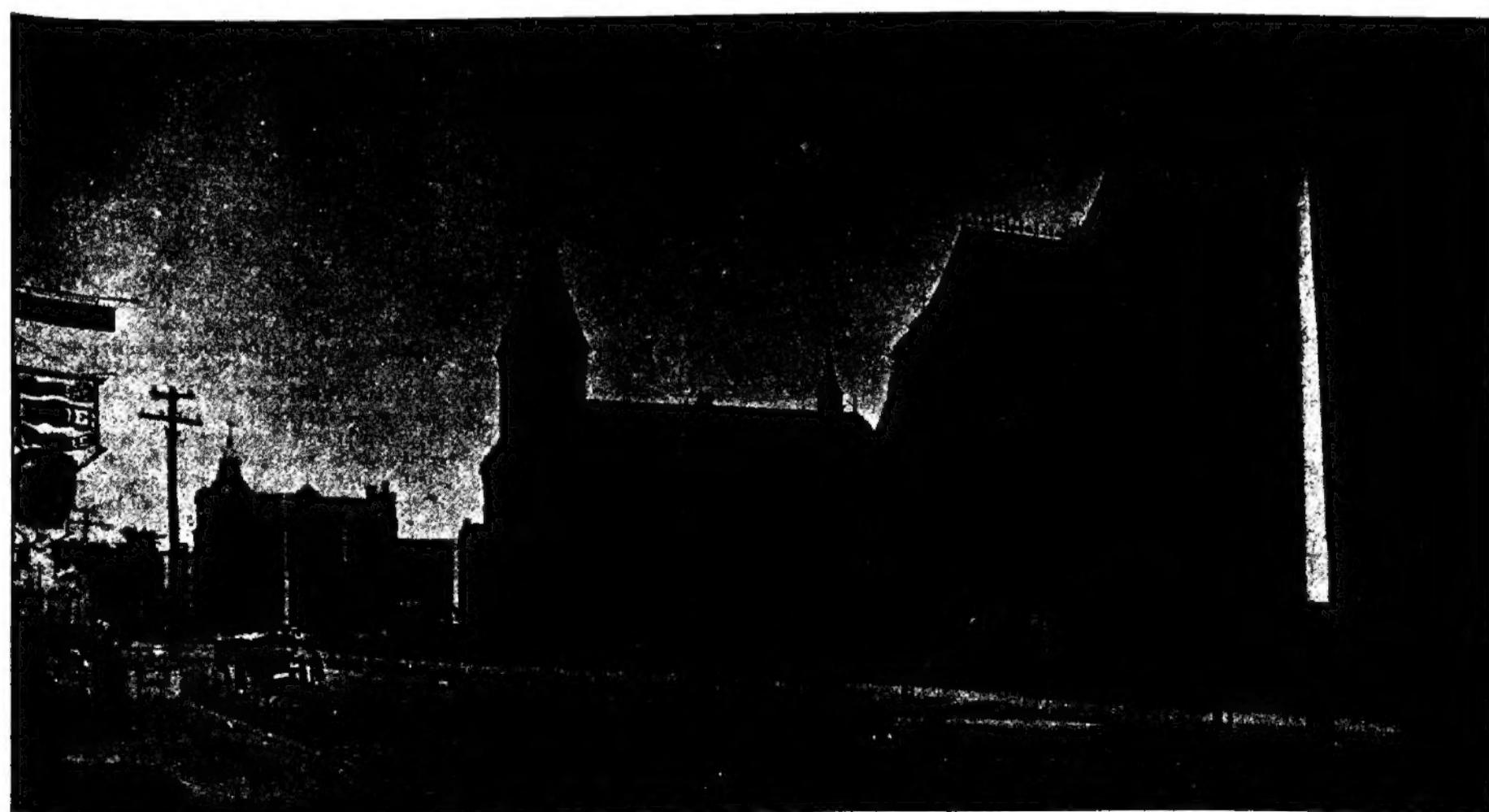
FREDERICTON, N.B.—GOVERNMENT HOUSE.
(Burkhardt, photo.)



FREDERICTON, N.B.—GENERAL VIEW OF CITY.
(Burkhardt, photo.)



THE ST. JOHN RIVER, FIVE MILES ABOVE FREDERICTON.
(Burkhardt, photo.)



QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, LOOKING N. W.
(G. R. Lancefield, photo.)



MR. L. A. CATELLIER.—Mr. L. A. Catellier, Under-Secretary of State and Deputy Registrar-General of Canada, who has recently been appointed to the position of Deputy Head of the Department of the Secretary of State in succession to Mr. Grant Powell, was born at St. Vallier, in the County of Bellechasse, Quebec, on the 26th of March, 1835. He was educated at the Quebec Seminary, where he passed with honours through the full course, and subsequently studied law, but abandoned his intention of following the legal profession to enter the Civil Service, to which he was appointed in 1859. Serving in several capacities until July 10th, 1873, he received the appointment of Deputy Registrar-General of Canada, with the rank of a first clerk. On the 1st of December last Mr. Catellier was promoted to the office of Under-Secretary of State and Deputy Head of the Department, his previous position being amalgamated therewith. His elevation to this important post was very popular throughout the service, and called forth the heartiest congratulations from those associated with him in the Department. Mr. Catellier married, in 1861, Mademoiselle Mathilde Eleanor, daughter of Mr. Felix Lavoie, a prominent merchant of Quebec, by whom he has a large family.

THE HON. AMOS E. BOTSFORD, SENATOR.—Senator Botsford, whose portrait we present to our readers in the present issue, belongs to a stock that has held a prominent place in the public life of New Brunswick for more than a century. His father was the late Hon. William Botsford, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the Province. The Judge's father was Amos Botsford, Esq., a U. E. Loyalist, who, after the Revolution, came to Canada from Newton, Connecticut, and was Speaker of the first New Brunswick Assembly. Amos Edwin Botsford was born in St. John on the 25th September, 1804. He was educated at Sackville, studied law and was admitted to the Bar. He early devoted attention to agricultural pursuits. He has been president of the Provincial Board of Agriculture and Lieut.-Col. of the 2nd Battalion of Westmoreland Militia. For several years Senator Botsford was president of the Dominion Rifle Association, having been chosen to that position on the organization of the body, and since 1871 he has been vice-president. From 1838 to 1840 he was a member of the Executive Council of New Brunswick, resigning in the latter year. He was a candidate for the representation of Westmoreland in the Assembly in 1830, but was not elected; but in 1833 he was made a member of the Legislative Council, which he retained until Confederation, when he was called to the Senate by Royal proclamation. For several years he was Senior Judge of Common Pleas. In 1836 he was, with the Hon. E. B. Chandler, a commissioner for the settlement of the boundary between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. In 1839 he was a delegate to Washington on the border difficulty between New Brunswick and the United States. During Lord Durham's administration he was a delegate to Quebec for the discussion of the situation of the British North American Provinces. He served with the late Joseph Bouchette, Esq., and Col. Robinson in the arrangement of the boundary question between Canada (Ontario and Quebec) and New Brunswick. In 1852 he went to Washington in connection with the negotiation of the Reciprocity treaty. It was on his resolution that the standing orders of the New Brunswick Legislative Council were modified so as to admit the public. In the same House in 1866 he moved resolutions in favour of a federal union of the colonies. In the last year of the old régime he was asked to form a ministry, but declined. Mr. Botsford was speaker of the Senate from Feb. 16 to April 19, 1880, during the illness of the Hon. (now Sir) D. L. Macpherson. In September, 1864, Senator Botsford married Mary, relict of the late J. F. Allinson, Esq., of Sackville, N.B.

HON. MARC A. GIRARD, SENATOR, ETC.—Senator Girard, who is a son of the late Amable Girard, Esq., of Varennes, P.Q., was born at the latter place on the 25th of April, 1822, and was educated at the College of St. Hyacinthe. By profession he is a notary, as well as an advocate, having been admitted to the Bar of Manitoba in 1871. Before going to the North-West, Mr. Girard had taken an interest in public affairs. In 1858 he presented himself as a candidate for the representation of Montarville, L.C., in the Canadian Assembly, and in 1862 offered himself in Hochelaga, but was not successful in either instance. In December, 1870, he was elected by acclamation as member for St. Boniface in the Legislature of Manitoba, and in 1879, with like unanimity, he was chosen to represent Baie St. Paul. On the admission of Manitoba to the Dominion in 1871 he was called to the Senate. From September, 1870, until March, 1872, when he resigned, he was Treasurer of that Province, and from July 8 till December 2, 1874, he was Premier and Provincial Secretary. On the reconstruction of the Norquay Government in November, 1879, Mr. Girard became Provincial Secretary. Subsequently he took the portfolio of Agriculture, and still later became President of the Council. In January, 1883, he retired. In December, 1872, he was appointed a member of the Executive Council of the North-West Territories.

R. N. HALL, ESQUIRE, LL.D., Q.C., M.P.—This gentleman, who has for years been associated with the moral and material progress of the Eastern Townships, is a descendant of the later Loyalist immigration which settled in the Townships early in the present century. His grandfather came from Connecticut in 1801. His father was the Rev. R. V. Hall, an Anglican clergyman. Mr. Hall was born at Laprairie, P.Q., on the 26th of July, 1836. He was educated at Burlington, Vermont, at the university of which place he graduated B.A., in 1857. He then entered on the study of the law, and in 1861 was called to the Bar of Lower Canada. He has succeeded in acquiring a large practice. From 1877 to 1881 he was *Bâtonnier* for the section of St. Francis, and in 1878 for this province. He has for years been Dean of the Law Faculty of Lennoxville, of which university he is LL.D. Mr. Hall has done much to promote the industrial, commercial and manufacturing interests of Sherbrooke and the region of which it is the metropolis. He was the first president of the E. T. Agricultural Association, which he had helped to found. In the establishment of railway communication he has always taken an active interest. He is president of the Massawippi line and a director of the Quebec Central, and, when the C. P. R. was first projected, his name was on the general board—a significant recognition of his public spirit, especially in connection with railways. When the Hon. Judge Brooks, who had long represented Sherbrooke in the House of Commons, was raised to the Bench, the Conservative party offered Mr. Hall the seat, and the whole constituency showed its confidence by electing him by acclamation. In 1887 he was opposed, but the opposition was simply formal, on principle, as no quarter was the order of the day. Since he has been in Parliament Mr. Hall has shown himself deserving of the trust reposed in him. While giving his usefulness a wider sphere, his position enables him to guard the interests of the Sherbrooke district more effectually than before. Not long since Mr. Hall went to England on an important mission connected with the development of one of our great resources, and there is no reason to doubt his success. In October, 1862, Mr. Hall married Lena, daughter of the late A. W. Kendrick, Esquire, of Compton, P.Q.

Lt.-COL. O'BRIEN, M.P.—Lieut.-Col. William Edward O'Brien, is a son of Mr. Edward G. O'Brien, who came to Canada from the County Clare, Ireland, and was one of the earliest settlers in the Simcoe district. Mr. W. E. O'Brien was born at Thornhill, Ont., and educated at Upper Canada College, Toronto. Having studied law, he was called to the Bar of Ontario in 1874, but devotes his attention chiefly to farming. He is lieutenant-colonel commanding the 35th Battalion (Simcoe Foresters) of Volunteer militia. At the general elections of 1878 Col. O'Brien was a candidate for his present seat (Muskoka), but was not elected. In 1882 he was returned, and again in 1887. Lieut.-Col. O'Brien is well known as the introducer of the resolution for the disallowance of the Jesuit Estates Act, which gave rise to so much discussion in Parliament, in the press and throughout the country. Twelve members, with himself, voted for disallowance, the bulk of the members, including the leaders on both sides and the majority of their respective followers opposing it on the ground that it was purely a question within the jurisdiction of the Province of Quebec. In 1864 Col. O'Brien married Miss Irving, only daughter of the late Col. Irving, of Toronto.

FREDERICTON, N.B.—Of this handsome city, the capital of New Brunswick, we have already placed some views before our readers. In the present issue we continue the series, with engravings of the Government House, Queen street, and other points of interest. We have already given a short sketch of the history of the place, which dates back to the 17th century. Nearly all traces of the early French colonists had disappeared when British domination was inaugurated. The Mangerville settlement took place in 1762, and the Government House is said to cover the site of the homestead of the first British resident. The U. E. Loyalists here as elsewhere in New Brunswick had a chief share in laying the foundations of prosperity and progress. As in nearly all our Canadian cities, the old landmarks of Fredericton have been, to a great extent, removed by that unscrupulous aggressor—fire. The best part of the New Brunswick metropolis is, indeed, of comparatively recent construction. The city is laid out regularly—too much so, as is usual in this continent—but the monotonous effect of mathematical precision, is counteracted by the lovely groups of trees, which give Fredericton a peculiar charm. Government House is a large old-fashioned stone building in the western suburbs. A fine conservatory and beautiful grounds are among its advantages and greatly enhance the beauty of the scene. Queen street is the principal business thoroughfare. It is about a mile long, but is only in part built up—a large portion of the side adjoining the river being occupied by the Common and Barrack grounds. Brunswick, George and Charlotte streets maintain the associations of attachment to the Hanoverian dynasty which gave the province and its capital their names.

THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.—To many of our readers this engraving will recall a familiar sight. It is (apart from our churches) the great architectural attraction, not only of Ottawa, but of the Dominion. The site itself is of rare picturesque charm and invites unsifted admiration. From whatever side the city is approached, that rich mass of ornate masonry takes the eye as the predominant feature in a landscape that has few equals on this continent or any where. Its beauty, grandeur and variety—the

waters of the river now white with foam, now deep and dark and swirling into countless vortices, the sombre rocky shores, the upland plateaus, and interspersed through all, or forming a boundary in the distance, relics of the once ubiquitous forest, and as one draws nearer, the manifold evidences of culture and taste—make Ottawa and its surroundings a very land of desire to the lovers of nature. One may regret, indeed, that its gallant and enterprising founder should have been doomed to oblivion by the exalted sanction to which its great central feature owes its existence. By the elder generation his services, his fine hopefulness, his valiant war with obstacles that would have daunted a less noble nature are not forgotten, nor in the record of those who have served their country with all the force of head and heart and hand will his place be an obscure one. For euphony, nevertheless, and its associations with the past, we prefer that our Capital should have a name in which both great sections of our people can take pleasure, a name which is famous in story and in song and is thoroughly and entirely of the soil. To describe fittingly even in comprehensive outline this splendid pile of parliament building would demand an intimate knowledge of the principles of architectural art. Impressions made by the *tout ensemble* on those contemplating it for the first time have been again and again committed to the pages of books or the columns of magazines. The symmetry of the main building cannot escape notice. This harmony of structure is rare among older edifices of kindred purpose. The chief façade—472 feet—with the “crown of towers” that surmounts it is most imposing. The chief tower is 220 feet above the main entrance. The rear is a reverse duplicate of the front. The adjacent buildings are admirably in keeping with the grand central structure. The library, of which a view appeared in a recent issue, is one of the loveliest structures of its kind. It is of a style of which the better examples are extremely few—only to be found in some old Italian cities, perhaps. The interior has numerous points that will repay careful study. Corridors, halls, vestibules, windows, are all finished with a taste that does credit both to the conception of the architect and the execution of the workmen. Every detail reveals that conscientiousness which was the glory of the great builders of the past whose monuments are still our models. The apartments best known to the outside world are the Commons and Senate Chambers, which are said to have the same dimensions as those of the Lords and Commons in England. Now is the season when the precincts of this multiple temple of legislative wisdom are most interesting to the stranger. For weeks before Parliament opens, the usually staid Ottawa (*née* Bytown) puts on an air of animation. All sorts of preparations are afoot. The hotels are on the *qui vive*. The streets have become populous and business circles are full of expectation. As the fatal day draws nigh the change becomes more marked. There is a hurrying too and fro, an impatience, a watchfulness on the part of residents. New faces are recognized; greetings at railway stations and hotel fronts multiply, and clubs are more and more frequented. Then comes the opening day, with its traditional ceremonies, the heritage of ages, the assurance of oneness with the grand old Motherland, a pledge of constitutional government and unassailable liberty. And then the usual routine.

THE LOVER'S WALK, PARLIAMENT GROUNDS, OTTAWA.—This is a scene which many of our readers will recognize with pleasure. There is no more charming spot amid the many rare attractions of our capital.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.—Though Newfoundland is not yet a portion of the Dominion, we naturally look upon it as destined to be one of our provinces sooner or later. It is England's oldest possession beyond the sea, and the city of St. John's has a history that gives it a rank among the most ancient of American towns. To the interest of manifold association with an eventful past, it adds the charms of romantic scenery. Twelve months ago we gave some views of the more striking points in the neighbourhood. We now continue the series, giving first a general view of the city. The approach to the harbour of St. John's is bold and striking. The coast is high and iron-bound and grim rocks frown defiance on the Atlantic billows and all other invaders. The scene is one of rare grandeur. The Narrows, leading to the harbour, are about half a mile in length, and the city is hidden from view till two-thirds of the distance has been passed. The harbour is perfectly landlocked. It is about a mile long and nearly half a mile wide. At the narrowest point the entrance is not more than 600 feet; but between Signal Hill and Fort Amherst it is about 1,400. Vessels of the largest tonnage can enter at all tides as the difference seldom exceeds four feet. The site of the city on the north side of the harbour could not well be surpassed. The drainage facilities are excellent. The streets generally run parallel to the harbour and there are several fine buildings. Though, like most Canadian cities, it has been frequently ravaged by fire, the loss is soon repaired and more imposing structures take the place of those that have been burned down. From the harbour the view is especially fine—the churches, Parliament buildings, Government House, Athæum, Asylum, banks, factories and hotels standing out conspicuously from the fair assemblage of successive streets that cover the gently sloping site.

PLACENTIA, NEWFOUNDLAND.—Newfoundland is Britain's oldest colony, and many of the place names given by the early explorers are the most ancient in the new world. Placentia has a history that dates back to the 15th century. It is mentioned by Champlain, and, as Plaisance (its French

form) it has an important rôle assigned it, both in the annals of colonization and in the military history of the great struggle that closed in 1760. It had its governors under the French régime. In 1602 it stood a siege by a British squadron under Commodore Williams, but the fortifications were too strong and the defenders too numerous and too obstinate in their resistance, and the assault was a failure. The operations were continued in succeeding years, until the Peace of Ryswick, when Placentia was still left in the hands of the French. In 1713 the island was declared to be a British possession, the French fishermen still, however, retaining certain privileges which are to this day a subject of controversy and unpleasantness. The Bay of Placentia is the largest on the island. It is fifty-five miles wide at the entrance, near Cape St. Mary, and has a depth of ninety miles. Its fisheries of cod, herring, salmon, etc., are most productive, and the scenery is extremely picturesque. The town itself, at the head of a splendid harbour, was formally founded in 1660 under a grant from Louis XIV, though the name was already a familiar one. It is built on a beach of coarse gravel, and two considerable arms of the sea penetrate for some distance inland, thus giving the scenery of the neighbourhood a peculiar charm. In population it is a mere village.

DRYING CODFISH ON THE SEASHORE, NEWFOUNDLAND.—The codfishery in Newfoundland waters has been famous from time immemorial. The *modus operandi* has often been described. When the boat, laden with the day's catch, reaches the platform—a structure erected at the water's edge and supported, as it projects into the sea, on stout poles, the fish are flung to the floor of the stage with a sort of fork called a "pew." The "cut throat" then seizes his victim and, with one stroke, slits the abdomen and passes the fish to the "header" who, first taking out the liver (used for cod liver oil), wrenches off the head, removes the viscera (used for manure) and passes the cod to the "splitter." The "salter" then takes his turn and, after a certain time, the fish is taken to the "flake" and spread out to dry. It is this stage in the curing process that is depicted in our engraving, which may be accepted as thoroughly characteristic of Newfoundland's principal industry.

QUIDI VIDI GUT, FISHERMEN'S SHANTIES AND DRYING STAGES.—Of Quidi Vidi we had some illustrations about a year ago. The scene in this engraving shows one of the processes in the curing of the codfish and the apparatus in use.

ARCTIC ICE IN ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR, NEWFOUNDLAND.—The arctic current that makes its way through Davis Strait sweeps past the eastern coast of Newfoundland, bearing on its bosom those icebergs which are such a terror to the mariner. It is to the intermingling of this chilly current with the warm waters of the gulf stream that the vapours which constitute the famous and unwelcome Newfoundland fogs are due. These fogs are not unhealthy and they prevail for only a portion of the year. Like our own climate, that of Newfoundland is often misrepresented, its rigours being absurdly exaggerated. The robust appearance and cheerful, enterprising temper of the people show that, in the main, it is neither depressing nor insalubrious. The icebergs most abound in spring and early summer. As the wind varies they are driven hither and thither on the surface of the sea and sometimes intrude into the harbour of St. John, as in our engraving.

CANYON OF THE COLUMBIA, B.C.—The scene in our engraving is one with which tourists have in recent years become familiar. The fame of this great canyon is now as widespread as that of the remarkable river courses of the Western States, which for a long time had a monopoly of interest in this class of scenery. The Columbia canyon has been depicted again and again by pen and pencil. Our engraving gives a fair general idea of its natural features.

GEN. GRANT AND THE DUKE'S SON.

A story has been "going the rounds" for some years past, and was reproduced in *Notes and Queries*, to the effect that Gen. U. S. Grant, when in this country, dined with the late Duke of Wellington, and in the course of conversation said: "I understand, my lord, your father was a military man."

We believe that the germ of this obviously apocryphal tale is as follows: "When Gen. Grant was dining with the late Duke and talking of his father's career, he several times asked him what was the largest number of troops he had ever commanded on any one occasion. The Duke used to say: 'I felt sure that whatever number I named the General would claim to have had a much larger army under his command. So I did not answer his question.'—*Murray's Magazine*.

A new method for preparing iodoform has lately been discovered by a German chemist. Fifty parts by weight of potassium iodide, six parts of acetone, and two parts of caustic soda are dissolved in from one to two litres of cold water, and to this a dilute solution of sodium hypochlorite is added gradually. Each drop of the hypochlorite solution causes the formation and precipitation of iodoform, which continues until all the iodine is combined. The yield is said to be almost equal to theory. As the reaction is not influenced by the presence of even large quantities of neutral alkali salts, solutions of varec soda, which is free from sulphates and sulphites, may be used as the source of iodine when working on a large scale.—*Industries*.



The Hon Senator Pelletier has recovered from his recent illness.

A State concert was given at Rideau Hall, Ottawa, on the 5th inst.

The Quebec *Morning Chronicle* congratulates Mr. S. E. Dawson on his Laval degree of *Docteur ès Lettres*.

We are happy to learn that the Hon. Mr. Chauveau, Sheriff of Montreal, who has been ill for some time, continues to improve.

It is said that Mr. Brock, president of the *Empire* Printing Company, will succeed the Hon. John Macdonald in the Senate of the Dominion.

The nomination of Mr. Peter McLaren, of Perth, as Senator, in succession to the late Mr. Turner, has been published in the *Official Gazette*.

Sir John A. Macdonald made one of his most felicitous speeches in replying to the toast of his health at the banquet of the Liberal-Conservative Workingmen's Association, Ottawa, on the evening of the 5th inst.

Mr. Adam Huuspeth, M.P., slipped at the main gate of the Parliament grounds recently and broke his arm. He was attended by Sir James Grant. Hon. G. E. Foster also fell in the same place and had to be taken home. Both gentlemen are doing well.

Lieut. the Hon. Ferdinand C. Stanley, the third son of the Governor-General, who is a lieutenant in the Fourth Battalion, Royal Lancashire Regiment of Militia, has just successfully passed his examination at Aldershot for a commission in the line.

Dr. J. P. Girdwood gave the second lecture of the Somerville course at the Natural History Rooms, his subject being "Tea and Coffee." The lecture was illustrated by oxy-hydrogen views of the leaves of tea and other plants used as substitutes.

Much sympathy has been expressed, especially in skating circles, with Louis Rubenstein in the family bereavement that has overtaken him just in the hour of his triumph. The intended reception has, consequently, been modified in conformity with the melancholy circumstances.

Of the seven graduates of the Royal Military college, who for distinguished excellence at the Royal Engineers' school at Chatham have just been sent on a professional tour through Europe by the home military authorities, four, Lieutenants Panet, Joly de Lotbiniere, Girouard and Farwell, are from the Province of Quebec, and three of them are French-Canadians. Quebec is honoured in the deserts of their sons.

The Hon. Joseph Martin, member for Portage la Prairie in the Manitoba Assembly, and Attorney General of the Province, is a native of Milton, Ont., and a member of the Bar of Ontario and Manitoba. Mr. Alphonse Fortunat Martin, who is a member of the same Assembly, is a native of Rimouski, P.Q., and a brother to the member for Rimouski in the Quebec Assembly. These gentlemen are opponents on the school and language question.

Rosa Bonheur is robustly and compactly built, although quite short, her peculiarly mannish dress having the effect of heightening her stature. She walks with her shoulders thrown well back, swings her arms as she moves along, and carries her head proudly, almost defiantly. Her cheeks are still pink, her face is full of health, and her short, thick hair is beginning to show more silver than brown. Between her and Buffalo Bill an animated friendship has sprung up. The secret of their sympathy is not hard to explain. They both love animals. He has conquered the secret of training them, and she can paint them.

Mr. W. Blackburn Harte, whose initialed daily column of *pot pourri* in the *Toronto Mail* last year attracted some attention, is at present an attaché of the *New York Tribune*. An article from his pen on Canadian authors will appear in an early number of the *New England Magazine*, of Boston. Mr. H. Blackburn Harte, an artistic brother of the journalist, and a resident of Toronto, is busily engaged in collecting materials for an article on Canadian painters and etchers. The article will be luxuriantly illustrated, and will be the joint work of the brothers. All information and material should be forwarded to Mr. H. B. Harte, 154 Wilton avenue, Toronto.

An impromptu dance, given at Riverview, Ottawa, is said to have been among the most enjoyable events of the season. Amongst those invited were Sir John and Lady Macdonald, the Hon. E. Stanley, Lady Alice Stanley, Sir A., Miss Caron, Mrs. and Miss Cawthra, Miss Arthur, Toronto; Miss Oliver, Quebec; Hon. A. Stanley, Mr. Streathfield, Mr. Winfield, Mr. Hawke, Mr. Macpherson, Mr. Sparks, Mr. S. Fleming, Col. Prior, M.P., Mr. Daly, M.P., Mr. Roville, Mr. McDowell, M.P., Mr. Barron, M.P., Mr. Fisher, M.P., Miss Murphy, Montreal; Mrs. Wimans, Mr. Wilmott, Newcastle; Mr. and Mrs. Skead, Mr. Barnard, M.P., and Mrs. Barnard, Lady Middleton, Miss Mackintosh, Miss Maude Mackintosh, Miss Ada Hart, Miss Dawson, Montreal; Mr. W. A. Allan, together with many others. The string band of the Guards furnished music.

HOW DRYDEN AND POPE WERE PAID.

Dryden published his works by subscription. At first he had difficulty in obtaining money for his manuscripts. He offered his "Troylus and Cressida" to Tonson for £50, but the bookseller could not raise the money. Dryden then applied to Lavalle, another bookseller, for a portion of the copy money, and the two booksellers published the work conjointly. Dryden, like his fellows, prepared plays for the stage, which were more remunerative than his poems and translations published as books.

Dryden's "Translation of Virgil" was one of his most successful enterprises. It was published by subscription, and Dryden received about £1,200 for the translation. He was less successful with his "Fables," which contained about twelve thousand lines. The work included "Alexander's Feast," one of the noblest odes in our language. Tonson gave him 250 guineas for it, and offered to make up the amount to £300 when a second edition was called for. Dryden dedicated the book to the beautiful Duchess of Ormonde, and received for his incense a present of £500—a donation worthy of that noble house. The book, however, went off slowly; fifteen years elapsed before a second edition was called for, and the poet was by that time in his grave. Tonson paid the agreed surplus to Lady Sylvester, daughter of one of Lady Dryden's daughters, for the benefit of his widow, then in a state of lunacy.

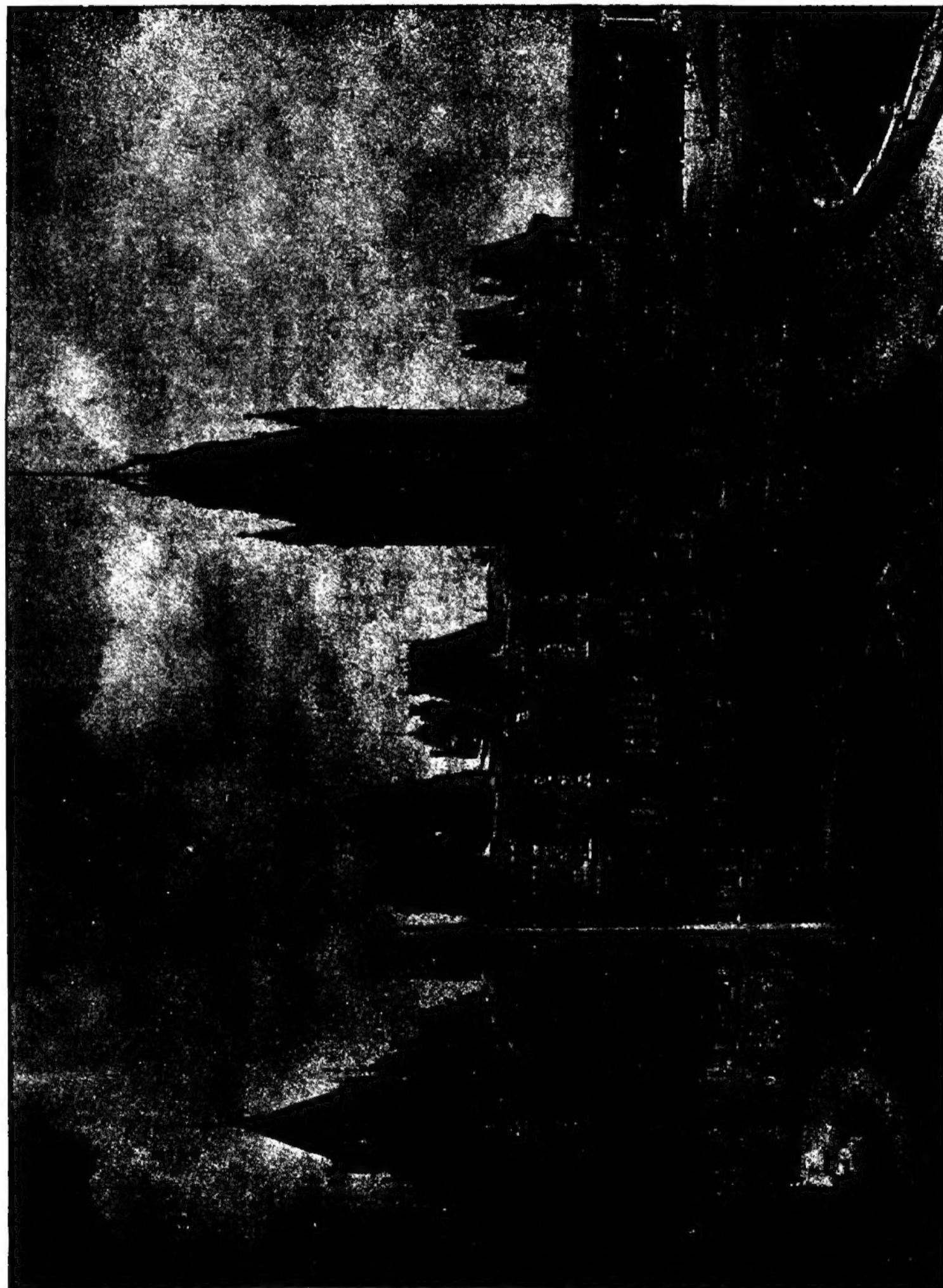
Pope was much more successful than Dryden. As the success of Tonson had been founded on the reputation of Dryden, that of Lintot, was established by his connection with Pope. Three thousand copies of the "Rape of the Lock" were sold in four days, while a new edition was in the press. Pope was even more fortunate with his translations from the Greek. Lintot published for him, by subscription, the translation of Homer's "Iliad," by which Pope realized the sum of £5,320. The translation of the "Odyssey" was not so successful, yet it realized £2,885, the largest sums earned at that time for this description of literary work, and perhaps not since exceeded. "I find subscribing," said Pope, "much superior to writing, and there is a literary epigram I more especially delight in, after the manner of *rondeaux*, which begins and ends in the same words 'Received: A. Pope.' These epigrams end smartly, and are each of them tagged with two guineas."

Dr. Conyers Middleton's "Life of Cicero" was equally successful. It was originally published in two volumes, quarto, and was subscribed for by 3,000 persons. Middleton realized sufficient profit from his work to enable him to purchase the estate of Hildersham, about six miles from Cambridge, where he chiefly resided during the remainder of his life, a thoroughly beneficial result of the fruits of literature.—*Murray's Magazine*.

HOW "CESAR BIROTEAU" WAS WRITTEN.

Balzac's method of working was eccentric. When he had well considered the subject upon which he proposed to write he would cover some twenty or forty pages with ideas and phrases. These he would send to the printer, who returned proof sheets pasted upon large sheets of paper. The work was then corrected. On the second reading the forty pages grew to a hundred, and so on, while on the proof sheets new lines would start from the beginning, middle or end of a phrase; and if the margins were insufficient other sheets were added, until at last the work was satisfactorily completed. A specimen of Balzac's "proof" has the appearance of a geographical map with its rivers, tributaries and lakes; or perhaps it even more closely resembles a complicated railway system in which the lines cross and recross each other in a manner that would almost bewilder Bradshaw.

The most graphic description of this realist at work is to be found in an article in the *Figaro* of Dec. 15, 1837, called "The Misfortunes and Adventures of César Birotteau Before his Birth." It would appear that *Figaro* promised the book for Dec. 15, and Balzac only began it on Nov. 17. The printing press was prepared. Balzac immediately sent in 200 sheets, "scribbled" in five nights of fever. "Every one knows how he writes," says *Figaro*, "It was an outline, a chaos, an apocalypse, a Hindu poem." * * * The time was short; no one could make head or tail of the writing, but it was transposed as nearly as possible into familiar signs. The author sent back the first two proofs pasted on enormous placards. It was frightful. From each sign, from each printed word, shot a pen-stroke, gliding like a skyrocket and bursting at the extremity of a luminous fire of phrases, epithets, substantives, underlined, crossed, intermingled, erased and superposed. Its appearance was simply dazzling. * * * The office was far from gay. The typesetters beat their breasts, the presses groaned, the proofreaders tore their hair." The proofs were sent back seven consecutive times; and then a "few symptoms of excellent French" appeared, and there was observed a certain connection between the phrases; but the day—the 15th of December—was fast approaching, and it was felt that the book would never appear. But Balzac and *Figaro* kept their word with the public, and "César Birotteau" saw the light on the day agreed upon. It was composed, written and corrected fifteen times by the author in twenty days. In a letter in which he speaks of an attack of neuralgia he says: "I wrote 'César Birotteau' with my feet in mustard; I am now writing 'Les Paysans' with my head in opium.—*Belgravia*.



THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA, FROM THE WESTERN BLOCK.

(Topley, photo.)



ENTRANCE TO THE "LOVERS' WALK," PARLIAMENT HILL, OTTAWA.

(Topley, photo.)

MY GLACIAL HERO.

BY SARA ELEANOR NICHOLSON.

Tuesday.

I am so nervous and anxious about Aunt Nellie who met with such a painful accident yesterday evening as we were returning from the "Tuque Bleu Toboggan Slide." We had got out of our sleigh so as to go nearer the edge of the slide, and after remaining there till nearly six o'clock, we returned to the road, intending to drive at once back to the hotel. We were, however, horrified to find both sleigh and driver had disappeared. So, after waiting nearly twenty minutes or so, there was nothing left for us but to walk all the way into Montreal, or at any rate till we met a sleigh which we could hire. In silence we trudged along side by side, half afraid of our own shadows, which stretched out in gloomy length, shown up by the white of the snow. Suddenly the silence of the night was broken by the sharp jingling of bells and the galloping of horses' hoofs along the frosty road. Before we could get out of the way two horses, fastened to an overturned sleigh, which was dashed from side to side by the terrified animals, turned the corner. I rushed across the road and jumped into a frozen ditch, but auntie, who was following me, in her haste caught her foot on a piece of ice and was violently thrown to the ground and her arm struck by the overturned sleigh. I found, when I dared cross the road, that she had been knocked senseless, and, after repeated attempts to restore consciousness, I managed to drag her into the ditch out of the way of any sleigh,—one of which, I devoutly prayed, would soon pass. How long we waited I couldn't say, but it seemed a weary time, and Aunt Nellie was so cold and 'till that the horrible thought that she had been killed began to take possession of me, and in my terror, not daring to leave her, having lifted her head and shoulders on my lap from the icy chill of the snow, I screamed loudly for help! It was so cold, so bitterly cold, and it was growing so very late, that I almost despaired of rescue, when, oh! blessed sound! I heard voices of men in the distance. As they came nearer I summoned all my strength to my aid and called out in perfect agony for fear they would pass without noticing us.

"Stop! oh stop! please, please, someone is hurt."

"Why, what's the matter here?" one of the voices cried, and two men crossed the road to where Aunt Nellie and I were. "Strike a light, Jack, till we see what's wrong."

I can never tell how heavenly those words sounded to me—terrified, frozen and stiff as I was; and, as the match blazed up, sheltered by a masculine hand, I saw My Glacial Hero and that Jack bending over me and my unconscious burden. I felt that everything must be all right, and that we would soon be safe home and auntie under medical treatment. The next second I heard Major Savile exclaim:

"Nellie! Great heavens! is she dead?"

And, before I could even form my thoughts to say anything, he had lifted Aunt Nellie in his arms, and, without further parley, strode off with his burden down the road.

Sir John helped me to my feet, and fearing, as I was so perished and stupid from the cold, that I would get frozen unless I walked fast, half dragged, half supported, me, following Major Savile's footsteps till we came to a cottage, inside which we found auntie lying on a couch, her wraps loosened and an elderly woman standing near. Aunt Nellie's eyes were open now, but she seemed dazed and hardly knew me when I went up to her.

Major Savile, the woman told us, had gone for a doctor, and would return as soon as possible with a sleigh to drive us home, and we were to wait at her house till then.

I sat down on the ground near auntie and let Jack pull off my gloves and rub and slap my hands till the circulation was restored, and afterwards, contented with his efforts in that line, he showed the woman how to mull some wine, which he managed to obtain in some marvellous manner, and made me drink a little. By this time Major Savile had returned, bringing with him a doctor and the promised sleigh. As he entered the room Aunt Nellie looked up at him, and I distinctly heard her murmur "Arthur!" Jack gazed at me and I at Major Savile, who came straight over and knelt down beside her, saying very quietly:

"Did you want me, Nellie? I've brought a doctor, who wishes to examine your arm."

Auntie didn't seem to see any one but My Glacial Hero, into whose face she looked with a wondering stare and said:

"They told me you were dead, but they lied. It was a cruel lie."

We all went to the door while the doctor examined the injured arm. Afterwards he joined us and told me the bone was broken a little above the wrist; but what he feared most was rheumatic fever, as already auntie seemed in great pain and very excitable. So he advised our getting back to the hotel, where he would set the bone, immediately. He then drove off in his own sleigh to the Windsor to tell them to have everything in readiness, while I managed to bundle auntie up in her wraps, and Major Savile carried her out into the sleigh. She suffered dreadfully during that drive, and we all felt so relieved when we at last reached the hotel. A little knot of servants stood at the door and rendered assistance in getting auntie to her room, where a bright fire was burning in the grate, and everything was ready to set her arm. I cannot bear to think of how the poor dear suffered, and to write of it in this my diary would be a little too much, so I will pass over that dreadful time and tell of what a nice little sur-

prise awaited me when, the surgeon's task being accomplished, and auntie fallen into a light doze, I stole back to my room to put on my dressing gown and slippers. When I opened my door I found a maid setting a little afternoon tea table, with delicately cut chicken, thin bread and butter and a glass of champagne.

"The gentlemen said you should eat this," she said, "as you'd no dinner, and they sends their compliments and how is Mrs. Armitage now?"

Well, I didn't know I was hungry till I saw that food, and I ate my supper with a good relish, and afterwards returned to auntie, who was through the night a little light-headed, and rambled on about "Arthur," crying once in most piteous accents: "If only I could explain, but you won't let me!"

I know now perfectly well that Aunt Nellie and Major Savile sometime during their lives have been in love with each other! I wonder what can have come between them and whose fault it was!

Saturday.

Auntie is very much better, and the rheumatic fever did not set in after all! We were able to engage a sitting room to-day, as the greater number of the carnival visitors have gone home. So, after dressing her in a tea-gown, whose flowing sleeves were easy to get on, although one of the aforementioned sleeves had to be ripped, I managed to have her moved into the other room. She looks so pretty. The white Indian shawl which I have wrapped about her so as to hide the disfiguring bandages, make her face look even fairer than usual. Jack and My Glacial Hero, who is only *fjigid* in appearance, but is in reality the possessor of a heart too big for his body, refused to carry out their plan of going to Ottawa this week for fear Aunt Nellie might become worse, and I need, at any rate, the comfort of knowing they were near. Major Savile looks so intensely miserable and unhappy these last few weeks, and questions me so closely about Aunt Nellie, that I am now more than sure that he is really and truly the "Arthur" of her ravings.

There's a knock at the door, and, as auntie is having a doze on the sofa, I must interrogate the newcomer in the hall. Well, it was a servant maid with such magnificent flowers from Major Savile for Aunt Nellie, who awoke just as I brought them into the room. There was a note with the flowers, and auntie looked so happy after reading it.

Sunday.

Something so important has just occurred that I hardly know how to commence the retelling of it. This afternoon Sir John invited me to go with him to hear the singing at Notre Dame Cathedral. So we started at half past three, and enjoyed everything so much—the walk in the bracing air, each other's society (at least I hope he did), and last, but not least, the fine singing!

After service we hurried home, and when we arrived at the hotel Jack walked along the corridor to our sitting room finishing a story he was relating. He was just saying good-bye, when, to our surprise, we heard Aunt Nellie's and Major Savile's voices *sotto voce* in the room. So, knocking at the door, I asked if we might come in, and, on getting an affirmative answer, we entered and saw My Glacial Hero sitting by the sofa holding auntie's cup—for they were having afternoon tea—and feeding her with little morsels of cake. It was quite too funny, and they looked so bright and merry and joined in our laugh so heartily, that I could not resist the temptation of telling Major Savile that in future I would send for him when auntie wanted her meals, as I was not half so skilful as he in the manipulation of the food, and often spilt spoonfuls of soup, or let the meat drop off the fork on my poor patient.

As I was pouring out some tea for Jack, he whispered: "I say, don't you think the Major is going it strong?"

And as I looked rather dense, he continued:

"Didn't you know they were engaged before your aunt married?"

I didn't dare ask any questions for fear they would hear, so I determined to wait till the men had left the room to unravel the mystery.

I had not long to wait, however, for as they were leaving Major Savile came back to auntie and said:

"You'd better tell her everything, Nell; and as soon as that arm is well enough to admit of the ring being put on the finger, I think you ought not to delay any longer, in fairness to me."

When we were once more alone Aunt Nellie called me over to her and related the whole story of the mystery which, since our stay in Montreal, had bothered me considerably—how she had re-engaged herself to the only man she had ever loved.

"Long ago, dear," she said, "he and I, when he was only a subaltern, were engaged to be married. Father had given his consent on condition we waited till he had obtained his captaincy; and as we were both young, and hope was bright, all went as merry as the proverbial marriage bell. Two years had passed away, when one evil day orders came for my fiance's regiment to prepare for active service, as war was raging at the time in Afghanistan, and all available troops were needed. When they were ready for sea, Arthur came to say good-bye and entered the room, where I was singing, so quietly that I was not aware of his presence till the song was finished. I remember well the words of the song were:

"When we two parted, in sadness and tears,
Half broken hearted, to sever for years."

When I turned my head Arthur was beside me, and I knew from his face he had come to say good-bye. We will not linger over the parting. Suffice it to say I made him a

promise to remain as true to him as though the solemn service of the church had declared us man and wife "till death us do part." He went away, and for some time my life was so empty, till his letters came; but they finally became few and far between. After the regiment was sent to Afghanistan, for they had been a little while in India, in the midst of my anxiety, father lost all his money through the failure of a bank, and was stricken with paralysis, and, to crown my misery, Mr. Armitage about this time asked me to be his wife, and when I, true to the promise I had given Arthur, refused, Father upbraided me bitterly for selfishness and want of filial affection, and told me I should consider him and the many comforts my marriage would restore to him.

Through the influence of a friend I was, after some little time, able to obtain a position as governess at a high salary, which I placed at father's disposal, and after that things went on pretty smoothly until I received a telegram summoning me home at once, as a second paralytic stroke had seized poor father, who lay at death's door. He had a hard fight for life, and even after the corner of his illness had been turned, it was only by extreme care and good nursing that he was restored to anything like a semblance of his former self. As he began to get stronger the doctor insisted on my going out now and then for a walk, and it was after returning from one of those duty walks one day that I met the postman at our door and took the mail from him. There was only one letter; but, as it was not from Arthur, I opened the newspaper and turned to the war bulletin column and read of a fierce engagement between English officers and Afghans. I remember so well hearing the shrill voice of a canary in the room, who sang as though its little throat would burst with song, and as I read the list of the killed and saw the letters of Arthur's name in dance before my eyes, the last sounds I was conscious of were the trills and shakes of the bird's song.

It was so hard to go on with the daily routine when life was so empty and dark, and it makes me shudder when I remember how, on hearing the postman's knock, I would start to my feet and hurry to meet the maid, forgetful for the moment that never again would I receive a letter from Arthur, and, as I thought then, never again see him in this life and hear his dear voice.

Our affairs were, of course, in a worse state than ever, and father so weak and helpless that I could not leave him to resume my former occupation as governess, when things had at last reached a climax and I was driven nearly frantic by calls from duns clamouring for their just dues. Mr. Armitage, like the true friend he always proved himself to be, again came and asked me to be his wife. After telling him everything about Arthur, so that there should be no secret of that sort to separate us in future years, I promised to marry him, and one day we walked into the parish church and were quietly married, and, leaving papa in the hands of a skilled nurse, we set out for the continent, where we wandered about for two months, until, tired at last of our nomad existence, we returned to England and arrived in London one autumn day. We had been in London a week, and were thinking of running up to Scotland for a month or so, when one evening my husband was obliged to go to his club to meet an old friend, and we had arranged that I was, for the first time, to dine without him.

At seven o'clock I left my room to go to the dining-room, when, turning a corridor, I came face to face with Arthur Savile. For the moment I could not believe him alive and, blinded with unreasoning terror, staggered, and would have fallen had he not, recognizing me, sprang forward and caught me in his arms.

"Nellie," he cried. "My darling, what happy fate has sent you to me?"

And before I could stop him he had kissed me again and again, till I, recovering my senses sufficiently, gasped, "Have pity, have pity! I thought you were dead, killed in action; and I—oh I cannot tell you—I am married!"

I shall never forget his face—the look of mingled horror and disgust as, shoving me from him, he stared for the space of a minute full in my face, and then in low, deep tones, which pierced me to the heart, repeated:

"You thought me dead! Killed in action! And I am to have pity." Then, in louder tones, "Pity, forsooth! Would to heaven there were no such word in the English language, so that I could make a woman such as you, with your convenient affections, which can as easily forget a man as love him, feel something of the torture I am now suffering. Truly a noble, faithful character yours, madam. No sooner off with the old love than on with the new. Little did I think, when the memory of the idol I had set up in my heart served to drag me back to life after being wounded and left for dead on the battlefield, that that idol would afterwards deal me such a heart wound as would forever kill my trust in woman's faith." So saying, he bowed and left me, while I, poor miserable creature, crawled back to my room, and in an agony unrelieved by tears, paced up and down the floor, thinking bitterly of the trick cruel Fate had served, and still knowing, through all my grief, I had done what was best.

A week later, by some accident, Mr. Armitage learned of Arthur's return, and with true manliness took no notice of my hardly concealed grief; but by his unremitting care and gentleness showed how much he sympathized with me in the struggle.

After a while my naturally buoyant spirit asserted itself, and I can truthfully say that during my husband's lifetime we were very contented and happy together, and that when he died I mourned long and deeply.

Arthur Savile and I, from our *rencontre* at the Grand Hotel in London, did not meet again until last week, so that my behaviour toward him has never been explained until this afternoon, when we verified the proverb, "All's well that ends well." Now, dearie, kiss and congratulate me!"

Auntie says in two weeks more Major Savile and she will be married in Montreal, and that she wants papa to come here for the ceremony, so that he and I may be witnesses to the happiness of the long departed couple. After the ceremony they will return to England, while I, my holiday over, will go back to Halifax, to take again the reins of household management, darn the children's stockings make two dollars do the duty of five, listen to poor father's worries and troubles, and try to be more a counsellor than a scapegoat by judicious dealing when he is annoyed. However, I don't mind very much, dear Diary, for that Jack is coming to see me in March.

THE END.

THE WAR OF 1812.

(CONTINUED FROM NO. 85.)

Brock replied on the 22nd July to Hull's proclamation by a counter one from Fort George. "The Crown of England," he said, "would defend and avenge all its subjects, whether red or white." Hull had threatened death to the inhabitants if found fighting by the side of Indians. But Brock declared "that the Indians had interests to fight for—property, families, homes and country—as much as the people of Canada, notwithstanding Hull's pretended desire to confer the blessings of freedom upon all on the British side of the frontiers." About 18 miles from Hull's camp was the village of Amherstburg, defended by Fort Halden. The garrison consisted of about 200 men of the first battalion of the 41st Regiment, a very weak detachment of the Royal Newfoundland Fencibles, and a subaltern's command of artillery, making in all about 350 men. The fort itself was in no condition to stand a siege. Quadrangular in its form, four bastions alone flanked a dry ditch. This passed, a single line of picketing, perforated with loopholes for musketry, and supported by a slight breastwork, remained to be carried. The weakness of its defences was well known to the Americans, who determined to make it the first point of attack. A reconnoitring party was sent forward by General Hull, but was speedily driven back by the marksmen whom Colonel St. George, then commanding at Amherstburg, had placed in ambush along the banks of the Rivière aux Canards, a sluggish and sedgy stream, which empties itself into that of the Detroit, about eight miles from Amherstburg. It was crossed by a bridge rudely constructed of timber. Along the banks of this river several skirmishes took place between the troops under Colonel St. George and the enemy, in all of which the latter was successfully defeated and driven back. Two privates belonging to the 41st Regiment distinguished themselves by their brave conduct. They had been left as out-lying sentries near the bridge, when they were suddenly attacked by a strong party of Americans under Colonel McArthur. They refused to give in or retire, and fought with the utmost bravery till one fell dead, covered with wounds; the other still endeavoured to oppose the enemy, but was finally overwhelmed and taken prisoner. At another time a force of 200 Americans, under Major Denny, attempted to force their way across the river and were put to flight by a party of twenty-two warriors belonging to the Minourmini tribe. These skirmishes took place on the 18th, 19th and 20th of July. On the 4th of August General Hull despatched Major Van Horne with two hundred riflemen, of the Ohio volunteers, to open communication with Captain Brush, who was on his way with a supply of provisions for the army, but had been obliged to stay thirty-six miles below Detroit on account of the Indians. Tecumseh, the famous chief of the Shawnee Indians, who played so prominent and noble a part during the war, was then at Brownstown, a small village on the American shore. Indian scouts brought him word of the approach of Major Van Horne. Taking a party of 24 warriors he hastened to a thick wood about three miles distant, through which the enemy must pass. Lining the road on either side as far as possible with his warriors, he awaited the

approach of the enemy. Major Van Horne had, to his cost, neglected to throw out an advanced guard and came suddenly upon the Indians hidden by the thick trees. The latter immediately opened a deadly fire, killing a number of men and horses. The remainder saved themselves by flight. The mail which Major Van Horne had been escorting from Detroit fell into the Indians' hands. When the news of this disaster reached General Hull he was alarmed. He began to perceive the great mistake he had made in supposing that the conquest of Canada was a simple matter, in which the Canadians would be only too willing to take a part. He found, instead, a most determined resistance offered to him and his mighty force in the short time he had been on Canadian soil. The fall of Michilimakinac and the difficulty he had in getting his supplies from distant Ohio through woods in which lurked the Indians, added to his anxieties. On the 8th of August General Hull withdrew his army and returned to Detroit. No sooner did Colonel Proctor, who had been sent by General Brock with a small party to reinforce the garrison at Amherstburg, hear of Hull's retreat than he resolved to intercept a considerable force then on their way to Detroit with a second supply of provisions. Accordingly Major Muir, with 100 regulars, 100 militia, and a few Indians crossed the Detroit to Brownstown, through which the enemy were expected to pass, but some of the Indian scouts brought word that they were not likely to reach there before night owing to the difficulty of getting their guns along the roads. Major Muir then decided to march to Magagua, a small Indian village a short distance off. Here he encountered Colonel Miller with a force of about seven hundred, consisting of the 4th Regiment of United States Infantry, except one company, a part of the 1st Infantry, enough to man two pieces of cannon, and four hundred militia.

In a short while the yells of the Indians told that the fighting had begun. For half an hour it continued without much advantage to either side. When, unfortunately, a misunderstanding arose between Major Muir's men and a party of Indians who had previous to the fighting taken their place in a small wood about 500 yards distant to the right, who, thinking them to be some of the enemy trying to turn their flank, fired upon them; the Indians, falling into the same unfortunate error, returned it. The British then began to retreat in some confusion. Major Muir, who had been wounded in the beginning of the engagement, succeeded in rallying his men near the brow of a hill, which commanded a narrow bridge over which the enemy's guns must pass. There they remained a short time; but, as the Americans did not appear, though firing was heard in the woods at the left, Major Muir ordered a retreat to the boats.

The Americans attach great importance to this defeat at Magagua, which was really nothing more than a sharp skirmish. The British troops were placed at great disadvantage in fighting in the woods, opposed as they were by men taken from the forests of Ohio and Kentucky, who were scarcely inferior to the Indians in their peculiar manner of fighting. Then again, the bright uniform of the British soldier made him an easy mark for the enemy, who, dressed in gray and as expert as the Indian in sheltering his body behind trees, would have proved a formidable foe to the few regulars entrusted with the defence of so great a part of Western Canada, had it not been for the valuable aid rendered by the Indian warriors.

While these things were happening, Brock was busy at York (now Toronto) in forming new levies and preparing for his grand masterstroke in the West. Knowing the great danger that threatened Amherstburg he worked with such energy that he was enabled to go to its assistance on the 6th of August. Embarking in the ordinary boats of the country with a force of about forty men of the 41st and two hundred and sixty militia, principally volunteers from Toronto, he reached Amherstburg on the 13th of August after an extremely stormy passage. Speaking about the journey afterwards, he said that "in no instance had he seen troops who could have endured the fatigue of a long journey in boats, during exceedingly bad weather,

with greater cheerfulness and constancy; and it is but justice to this little band to add that their conduct throughout excited my admiration." His arrival at Amherstburg was hailed with great rejoicing, and, when he made known his daring project, which was none other than to attack Fort Detroit, the news was received with unbounded enthusiasm, and by none more than Tecumseh, who had already taken an active part in the recent skirmishes. With glistening eye and kindling cheek he drank in every word of Brock's plan. This was the first meeting between these two kindred spirits, and each recognized in the other the same undaunted bravery which led to such triumphs.

Brock resolved to carry his plan into operation at once. From the correspondence of General Hull, which had fallen into his hands through the defeat of Van Horne, he learned the anxiety of the General and the demoralized state of his army. Preparations for bombarding Detroit were commenced on an elevated part of the bank opposite to the fort, and on the outskirts of what has since become the town of Windsor. On the batteries were mounted one long eighteen and two long twelve-pounders, with a couple of mortars. By the 15th of August everything was in readiness.

A summons was sent to General Hull to surrender, which he declined to do, after taking two hours to think about it. The batteries then opened fire upon the fort. During the night Tecumseh and two warriors crossed the river and dispersed through the woods; and, as the dawn broke, Brock and the rest of his men embarked in the little squadron of boats and scows that had been gathered together and crossed over under cover of the guns of the Queen Charlotte, a small vessel of war of twenty guns, and the brig General Hunter, of twelve, and landed without opposition at Springwell, about three miles and a half from the fort. The British force consisted of about seven hundred and fifty, regulars and militia, with five light pieces of artillery and six hundred Indians.

General Brock, without a moment's hesitation, led his small force to the assault. As the column advanced upon the main road, they could see before them two heavy guns, which they momentarily expected to be discharged, and which they well knew would play sad havoc among their small but dense columns. But not for an instant did they falter. With such a leader at their head, they felt ready to follow no matter how great the danger might be, and that they knew was imminent as they looked at the fort with its high sodded parapets, surrounded by tall rows of wooden palisades and a wide ditch, and garrisoned by a force of at least two thousand men. As they moved forward to the assault an officer was seen approaching with a white flag. General Hull had resolved to surrender. Articles were drawn up, by which the whole Michigan Territory, Fort Detroit, thirty-three pieces of cannon, a large quantity of military stores, and a very fine brig, the Adams, re-named the Detroit, and 2,500 troops, were surrendered to the British.

The news of the fall of Detroit sent a thrill throughout Canada. Hearts beat high with exultation at the thought of the daring deed done by him whom every Canadian has since delighted to honour.

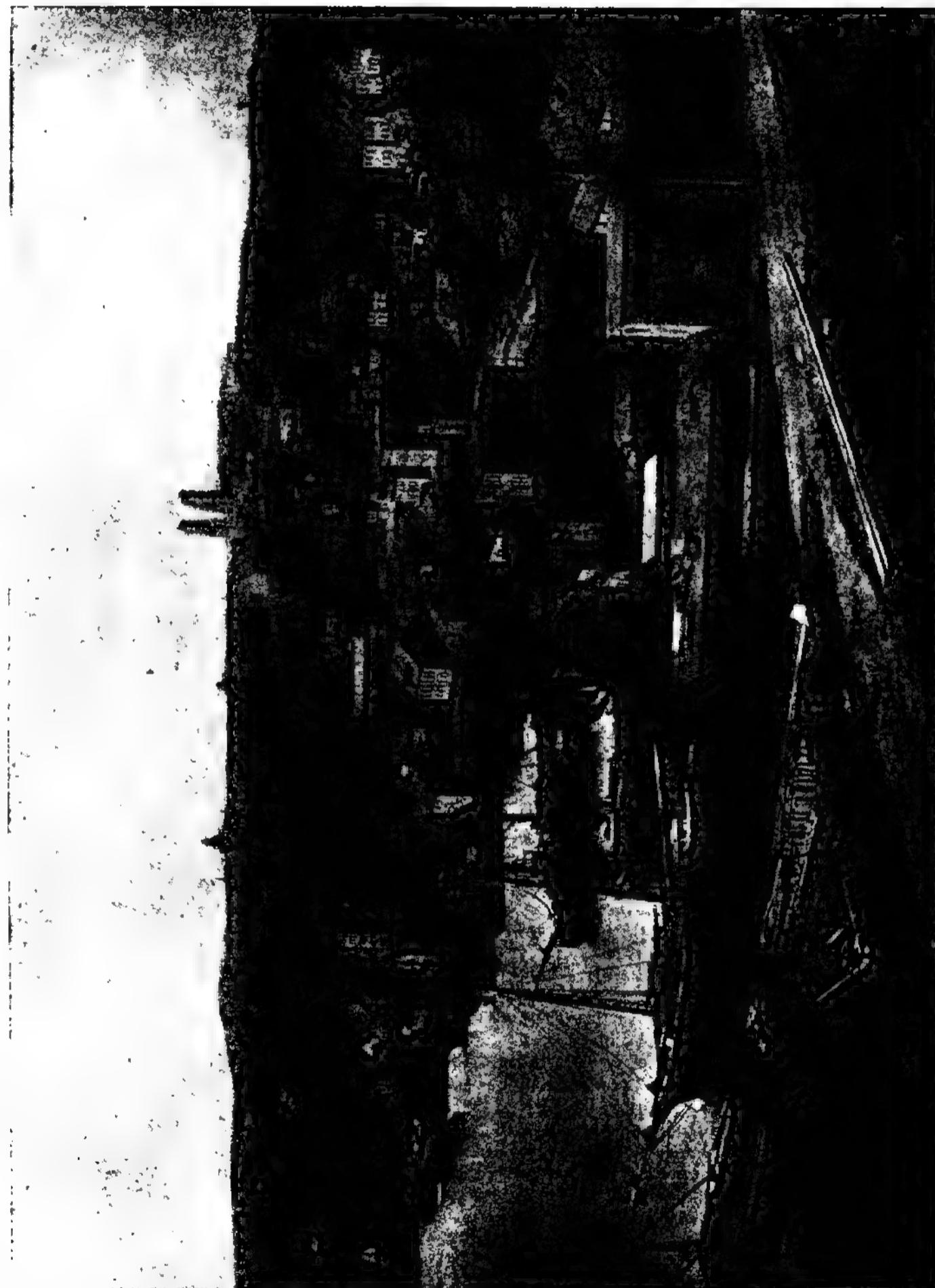
WILLS IN RHYME.

It is stated in the "Spirit of the Public Journals" for 1824, page 275, that

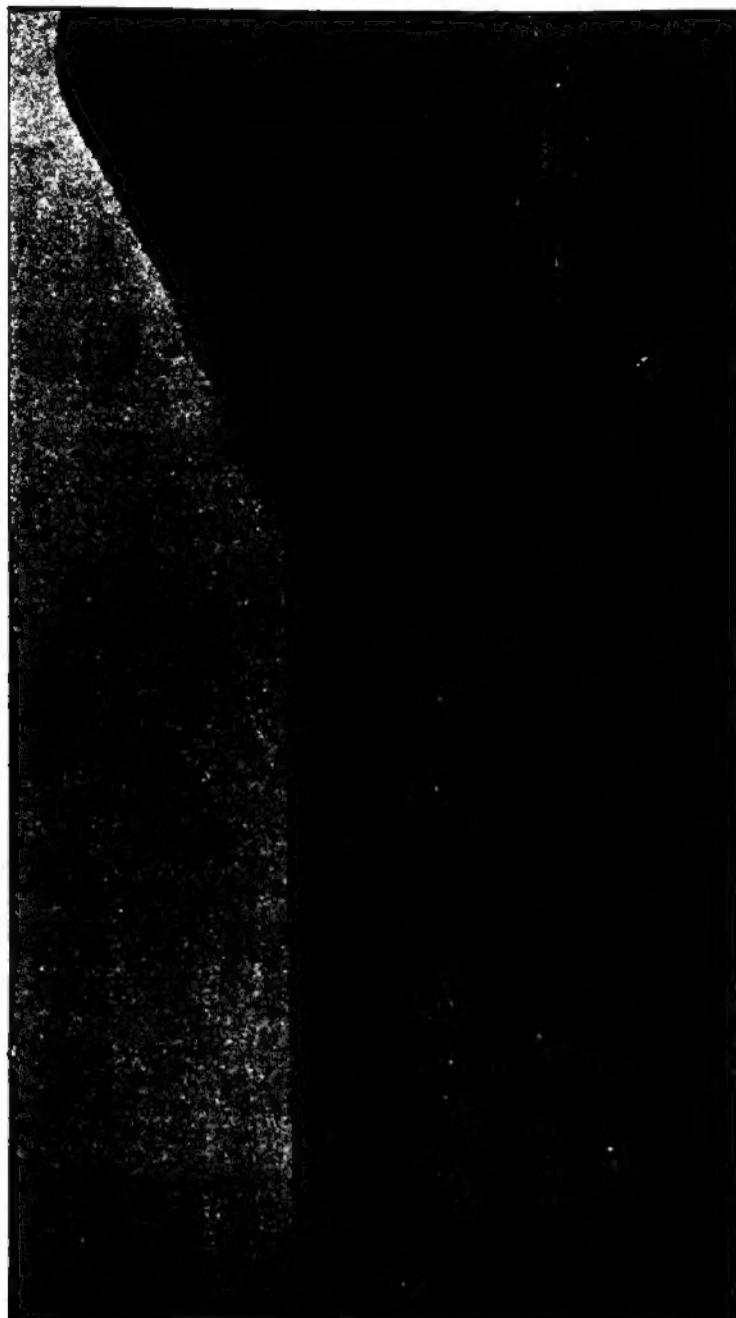
"the following singular last will and testament of a student at the University of Dublin, was addressed extempore to his friend :

"Cum ita semper me amares,
How to regard you all my care is :
Consilium tibi do impiam,
For I believe that short my time is :
Amice admedium amande,
Pray then leave off thy drinking brandy :
Vides qua sorte jaceo hic,
"Tis all for that, O sick ! O sick !
Mors mea vexat matrem pian,
No dog was ere so sick as I am :
Secundo, mi amice bone,
My breeches take, but there's no money :
Et vestes etiam tibi dentur,
If such foul rags to wear you'll venture :
Pediculos si portes pellas,
But they are sometimes Prince's fellows,
Accipe libro, etiam musam,
If I had lived I n'er had used them,
Spero quod his contentus eris,
For I've a friend almost as dear is :
Nunc vale, ne plus tibi detur,
But send her up, Jack, if you meet her."

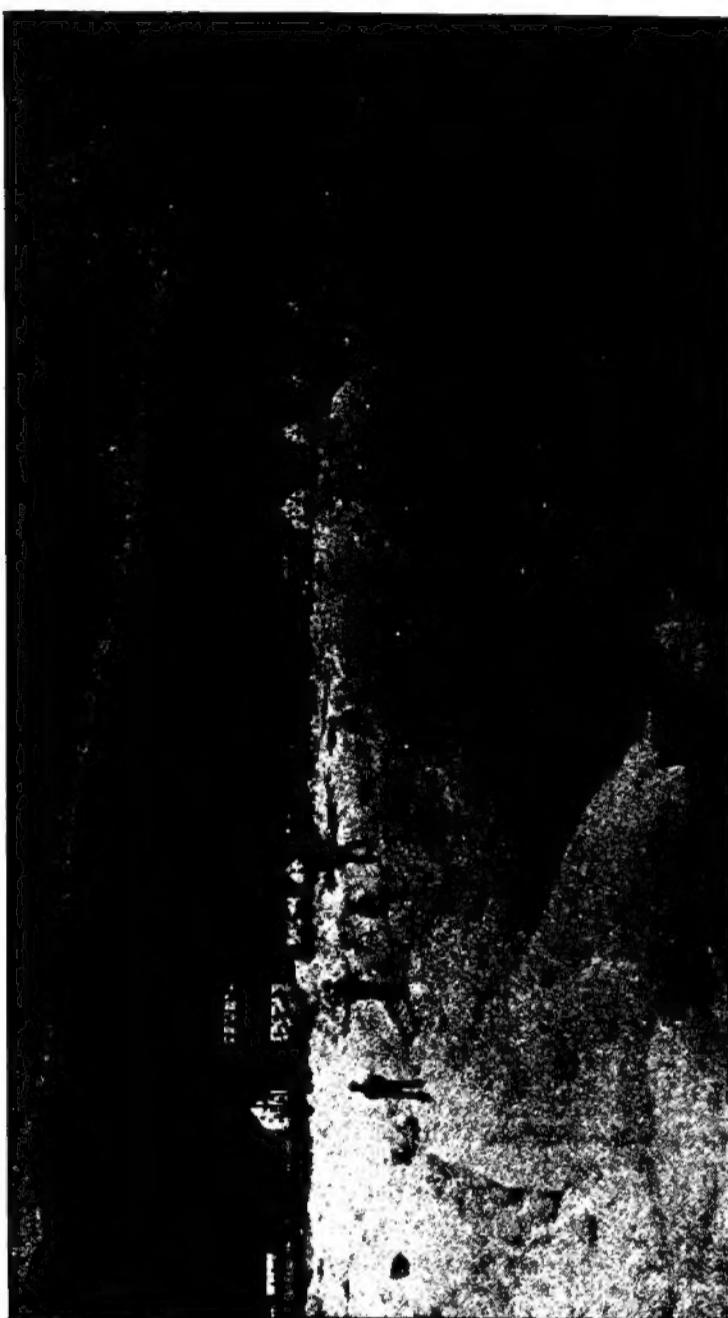
—Notes and Queries.



ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.



DRYING CODFISH ON THE SEASHORE AT PLACENTIA.



ARCTIC ICE IN ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR, NEWFOUNDLAND



PLACENTIA, NEWFOUNDLAND.



QUIDI VIDI GUT.—FISHERMEN'S SHANTIES AND DRYING STAGES.

**BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS,
OCTOBER 13, 1812.**

Now listen U. E. Loyalists
The high immortal praise
Won here upon this sacred Mount
In old paternal days.
For native land our fathers bled ;
For right and glory's crown ;
And double vengeance winged their swords
For wrongs their blood had known.
Fierce Mars came on at first with foes ;
And gave our Chief to death ;
Then changing sides their ranks he smote,
And stamped his feet beneath.
The first year's war had passed far on :
Success our arms sustained :
Our leader, during summer months,
Applause from all had gained.
With skill intuitive he formed
A various force and good,
Of soldiers trained, militia new,
And children of the wood.
With these he pressed his rapid way
To far Detroit's stronghold ;
And snatched it from our neighbour's grasp
With knightly hand and bold.
But now Americans are strong
On broad Lake Erie's wave ;
They hope to wrest the honours back ;
And more than credit save.
The storm-cloud gathers day by day
Along our river's course :
It threatens soon to burst in rage
And test our manhood's force.
Now bright October paints the woods
With flame of leafy dyes ;
But Autumn gales have not as yet
Assailed the resting skies.
Late peach and apple fruits still cling
Among the foliage sere—
They help to show the country's worth ;
And make its homes more dear.
Deciduous woods on Queenston's crest
Show now their colours bright ;
While cedar clumps adorn the slope,
Half-grown and fair to sight.
The juniper and cedar join
In dense and sombre mass
To shade the vast and swirling stream
Which here sweeps through the pass.
The river here, its strangling way,
Through cloven mountains takes ;
Nor can, at once, its step restrain,
When new its bonds its breaks.
A dread will come to inland youth
When first he sees that tide,
As there it rolls in volume huge,
Rock-gored on either side.
Alarming too mount up those crags
Precipitous, and high :
They too have fear-inspiring look
For young home-loving eye.
Along the mountain's steepy base
The Queenston Hamlet sleeps :
And pleasant homes, though not of wealth,
Its narrow limit keeps.
And westward spreads a fair rich land ;
A land by bright suns blessed :
This land from no weak-handed men
The foe come here to wrest.
October now its Thirteenth day
Brings in with challenge high :
The foe by night have crossed our lines :
Our men must fight or fly.
With dawn of light the cannon's voice
Calls forth to combat stern :
The blood of all runs fast and high
And fiercest passions burn.
Excitement boils through both the Hosts :
No soul has calm or rest :
Not all who see the rising Sun
Will see him in the west.
Sir Isaac startles in his sleep
Within Fort George's walls :
He guesses what has now transpired ;
That gravest peril calls.
His aids and he to saddle spring :
Tow'rd Queenston spur their way :
Their rapid steeds will reach the hill,
—Ere yet 'tis fully day.
But first before he leaves the Fort
Brief charge—as suited need—
He gives to eager waiting men,
To follow on with speed.

Two Companies of Forty-First
With fiery haste fall in :
Militia too and Indian force
Their equal march begin,
Americans have crossed the stream
In strong well-armed array :
They now are on the mountain top ;
And but await the day.
Our two gun battery on the bank
Poured down its iron hail
When morning showed still coming foes :
E'en then with some avail.
It struck mid-stream some labouring boats
Low-pressed, with soldiers full ;
And plunged their men to bubbling deaths
In deeps unfathomable.
The fight began upon the mount
While shadowy night prevailed :
Americans with five-fold force
Our battery there assailed.
Two Companies of Forty-Ninth,
With help which near they found,
Militia men and Indian scouts,
Awhile had kept their ground.
But step by step, by numbers forced
They had their guns to yield :
Yet battling fierce and struggling hard
They slowly left the field.
They now are pressed quite down the slope :
In flight all hope is placed :
That moment Brock and staff come up
In swift and breathless haste.
Straight up the rapid steep they turn ;
Nor stop—though most fall dead :
They think not now of dear sweet life
When by loved General led.
They almost gain disputed line ;
Ten paces still they want ;
But, ah ! those hoped-for paces ten
The fates will never grant !
Our mighty Chief here ends his course,—
He falls ! Stand back ! Give light !
He breathes ! What word was that ? He's dead !
Gone forth to death's dark night.
That spirit brave, that brightest soul,
That lived for soldier's fame ;
That had on distant Europe's fields
Won earth-pervading name,
Now reaches here its last sea verge ;
Its record now is done ;
That masterful and restless soul
Its fated course has run.
His comrades bear him down the hill
With under-clasping arms :
And deeply tender anguished love
Each hero's great soul warms.
Now while he thus is borne away
Macdonald steps to front ;
Nor cares he now to live or die,
As is a brave friend's wont.
But he too falls in briefest space :
The force again recedes.
Macdonald falls as fell his chief :
He too for glory bleeds.
Now men from old Fort George are come
And Sheaffe is in command ;
But he will not renew the fight
Till better mode is planned.
Now silence reigns o'er all the scene ;
Save that, at intervals,
The Indian's deadly rifle crack,
Tells where the invader falls.
Our foes had won the upper guns,
As has before been shown,
And so the battery on the bank
Was by their shot o'erthrown.
The battery thus upon the bank
In silence now is lost :
Its silence tells how much we miss
Our well-placed mountain post.
One gun away at Froman's Point
Still sweeps the channelled stream ;
Nor stops till victory crowns our arms,
'Neath day's far westering beam.
This single gun seemed ruling Fate :
The stream could not be crossed :
The foe could not his succours bring ;
Nor fly when fight was lost.
Good Sheaffe now leaves the northern slope,
His other course has planned ;
The assault must be on level plain,
Or e'en from higher land.

The mount still higher climbs to south
With smooth and easy grade
Above the ground by foes possessed :
The fight must there be made.
And with this view he leads his force
Some miles away to west ;
And thus by easy secret paths,
Ascends the mountain's crest
While this proceeds till past mid-day
The foe are kept in fear ;
Young Brant and fifty Mohawk braves
Infest the thickets near.
And once this clan of fiercest souls
Burst forth from green-wood nigh
Upon the foe's unsheltered lines,
With wild Plutonian cry.
With frightful yells and arms upraised
They startling fear produced :
Their hatchets cleaved a score of skulls :
A score of hearts they sliced.
Now, Winfield Scott, use well thy nerve ;
This is no sportive task ;
If thou, thyself, shalt see the night,
'Tis much of Fates to ask.
And well thou prov'st thy val'rous soul ;
Thy lines stand firm and fixed ;
Which but for thee and words of thine
Had with red earth been mixed.
But soon the cloud of Indian braves,
The wood absorbs again ;
Yet ever more that vengeful force
Hangs round the wooded plain.
And other help these good friends give,
They keep the highway clear,
And word is so to Chipewa sent
—Of battle waging here.
The mid-day hour is now long past ;
Converging troops are met—
Calm Sheaffe is on the table land
At place himself had set.
From far Fort George he has his men ;
Of Forty-Ninth those few,
Who first had made that struggle fierce
To do what none could do.
From Chipewa now a regular force
Pour in with soldiers' zeal
And dauntless good militia troops,
Whose hearts these hard fates feel.
Brant's band had been all day at hand ;
A subtle deadly foe :
And Norton now brings other bands
In paints of gaudy show.
Now Sheaffe his various force arrayed ;
First Red Coats take their place :
It makes the blood run fire to see
Their gallant martial grace.
These troops have fought o'er half the world :
No men more proud than they ;
They march with readiest step to death,
As if to scenic play.
Next Loyalists take place abreast,
Inornate is their host ;
No handsome uniform they wear ;
Nor measured step they boast.
Yet they will travel step for step
All ground the veterans gain ;
And arms of theirs in that red fight
Will take e'en redder stain.
They would not live as coward knaves
On soil which once was theirs ;
But while they live their hands shall do
What freest freeman dares.
They come from scattered dear loved homes
To take this soldier's post ;
And each one here his life devotes,
Nor thinks too much the cost.
And feathered Indians come long side ;
A semi-savage clan,
They come to vindicate their claim
To common fame of man.
Their soul is filled with grateful sense,
For words kind Brock had said
And they will now avenge his shade,
Or they lie stark and dead.
Chiefs Brant and Norton lead their tribes
High clamouring for their prey :
And scarce the chiefs have rule enough
Their forward course to stay.
The final deadly strife begins,—
Two field guns' horses fly
Forth on the plain at fullest speed
The ranks of foes to try.

Their shot makes dangerous strain at least ;
But Scott steps forth once more,
And waves his hat upon his sword—
His words his troops restore.

For loud he calls with chieftain's voice,
Reminds of country's fame ;
That here they must by life or death,
Sustain her splendid name.

The orders now pass on our lines :
“ Avenge the General slain ;
Three British cheers ; one musket round ;
The rest the steel must gain.”

And thrice rang out the wild hurra,—
Mens' roar in fighting mood ;
It rolled for miles far o'er the land :
The cry of blood for blood.

Next flashed a blaze from all our front—
Then onward moves the mass ;
They step to time with sounding tread,—
Earth trembles as they pass.

The Red Coats gay with levelled steel
Move on with martial pace ;
And stern militia, nerved as high,
Their equal ground do trace.

The Indian braves need not the spur,
But come with whoop and yell ;
That they have not brave grateful hearts
No tongue of truth shall tell.

Scott's men cannot this onset meet—
They come not here for right ;
They break, re-form, and break again :
Then rush in headlong flight.

And fierce and furious was that charge—
A tempest's thundrous rain ;
It rolled the foe like stubble weak
Along the darkling plain.

Nor stopped it in its angry sweep
Till all the hill was crossed ;
And it had pushed o'er eastern rocks
The panic stricken host.

At river side where woods are thick
A thousand men now hide ;
One half of these had made good fight,—
The rest no fight had tried.

And but for Sheaffe's humanity,
Which prompt our Indians checked,
A three-fold bloody tragedy
The invading force had wrecked.

Nine hundred men lay down their arms—
'Twere vain so placed to fight ;
And grieved and sad they bend to Fate,
Subdued by Fortune's blight.

Twelve hundred men on either side
Upon this field had stood ;
And foes had fallen full three to one,
Nor yet their stand made good.

Our land is free—has proved its power,—
It holds its rightful own ;
Our starting point this battle is :
We here have manhood shown.

Brave, noble Sheaffe, bright crown is thine :
Thy valorous sage delay
Brought victory back to grace our Flag
When lost had seemed the day.

And name of Brock shall never die
While Queenston looks afar ;
'Twill be in all the onward times
Our upward guiding star.

Fate gave him two and forty years
To gain the fame be loved ;
And ever in that briefer space
As demigod he moved.

His fall refined each manly soul
Of all his mixed command ;
And still he lives in patriot hearts,
The genius of our land.

In dying he his Flag bore on—
Straight on, where glory bade ;
It faltered not while in his hands,
Nor on it fell a shade.

The Spartan King came not from out
The famous fatal straits ;
But Greeks from him learned how to die :
What fame on heroes waits.

Achilles died in prime of youth,
The chief of Homer's song ;
He rather would for glory die,
Than unknown life prolong.

Descendants of the Refugees !
Think how this field was red !
Think how our fathers fighting hard
Found here a gory bed !

If ye shall basely yield your claim
To your great heritage,
How vile and weak will be the name
Ye leave to future age !

The patriot spirits in their graves
Who died for country's cause
Would scorn a kindred with such souls,
Who know not glory's laws.

Remember U. E. Loyalists
The glory of this hill !
How raged your fathers 'gainst the foe !
How stern their patriot will !

Ottawa.

CROWQUILL.

THE END OF MME. DU BARRI.

It was the year 1792, and shortly after her return to France. It was evening, and she sat beneath the shelter of a myrtle hedge at Luciennes, listening abstractedly to the muffled sounds borne on the air from Paris. Footsteps approached along the highway; there was a murmur of many voices; coarse laughter. Startled and alarmed, she called aloud: "Brissac!"

"Le voilà," replied a voice, "prends d'abord sa tête," and they threw over the hedge and at her feet the bleeding head of her lover, the Duc de Cossé Brissac.

After this will it be believed that this woman, who has so often been accused of feebleness, went a fourth time to England to carry money to the refugees, and had the courage again to resist the efforts made by her friends in London to detain her there!

Spies followed her. They discovered her intrigues with the royalist party; they were witnesses to her interviews with M. de Calonne. She recrossed the Channel, returned to Luciennes. But what charm could this place have for her since the night when from behind the myrtle hedge the terrible present had been flung at her feet? All this was changed indeed. Every member of that ungrateful community whom for fifteen years she had clothed and fed was now her enemy.

An Irishman named Grieves denounced her at the instigation of the famous negro Zamore. During ten weeks she lay imprisoned at Sainte Pélagie before being brought up for trial. If the detention was long the trial was short enough. She appeared before the Revolutionary tribunal on the 7th of December, 1793, and her case went on at the same time as that of three Dutch bankers, a father and two sons named Vandenyver, who were accused of some of the crimes with which they reproached her. Her defender was Chauveau-Lagarde; her accuser Fouquier-Tinville. She was condemned to death together with the three Dutch bankers.

When judgment was pronounced she uttered a terrible cry and fell back insensible. It was 11 o'clock at night. Next morning Mme. du Barri was flung into the death-cart with the three Dutchmen, whose complicity never appeared very evident. She was pale, trembling, mad with terror. She had no desire for death, this poor woman who had never really done harm to any one. On her way to the scaffold, looking round with her soft, beseeching eyes upon the sea of faces that surrounded her, she raised her still beautiful white hands, chained together, in supplication. She cried out to the people to have pity—to spare her life.

On reaching the place of execution "Encore un moment. Monsieur le bourreau ! encore un moment ! * * * " are said to have been her last words of piteous appeal, For the royalist cause she had exposed herself to danger; for her friends she had risked her life; but when death came to her in this form, and no one was the gainer, she feared it. She was neither saint nor heroine; only a woman.

Let us draw the curtain over the picture of this beautiful and unfortunate woman, whom a French writer well describes as having lived in a house with two doors. One by which a page was wont to enter and say in a low, respectful whisper: "Madame La Comtesse, voulez-vous recevoir le Roi de France?" The other by which a drunken jailor cried to her: "Fille Vaubernier, suis moi à la guillotine!"—E. M. Davy.

OXYGEN RAYS IN THE SPECTRUM.

M. Janssen has given us some valuable information regarding the terrestrial origin of the oxygen rays in the solar spectrum. The experiments which he has been enabled to make, by using the powerful light given by the electric lamp of the Eiffel Tower, in conjunction with the Meudon Conservatory, tend to show that the groups of rays in the solar spectrum, due to oxygen, are caused by the oxygen of our atmosphere, and not that of the sun. They also prove that the rays follow quite a different law from the bands; for the rays, it seems indifferent whether a column of gas of constant density, or a column equivalent in weight but of variable density, be used; for the bands, the absorption taking place according to the square of the density, there would be required on the surface of the sun an atmospheric thickness of more than 50 kilometres for their production.—*Science and Art.*



Kate Perugini, one of the prominent women artists of London, is a daughter of the great Charles Dickens, and is married to Edward Perugini, who is one of England's well known painters. Mrs. Perugini is a genre painter, whose works are in good demand. She has been a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy for a number of years.

Mlle. Rosa Bonheur had the other day at Fontainebleau an experience which may be of use to many art lovers. She saw in an advertisement that there was to be sold a picture attributed to her brush. She went to the sale and found that the painting in question, though signed with her name, was not only not her handiwork, but was a "croute" of the most crusty description. On her refusal to let the canvas be sold as one of her works, the auctioneer scratched out her signature.

Mr. Lawson has commenced work on his colossal statue of Robert Burns, which is destined for Ayr. The main feature of the figure is its attitude of contemplative repose, the only movement suggested lying in the slightly raised and clenched right hand. No "poetic pose" is attempted, simplicity and dignity being insisted upon in every detail. The garb is that of a Scottish yeoman. The site of the statue will be almost opposite the railway station at Ayr. It will be fenced round and planted with flowers and shrubs.

Two rival plans for a colossal statue of Joan of Arc are discussed in France. The Bishop of Verdun asks for contributions to erect a chapel in which the colossal Maid of Orleans should stand. It is to be on the site of the castle surrendered to her by the Sire de Beaudricourt. She is to carry the sword of St. Catherine and be surrounded by her knights. The plan of M. Fabre, a deputy, is more ambitious. It is to erect a colossal statue of Joan on the highest point of Mont St. Michel, with her face turned toward England, to typify the expulsion of the English from France.

A blind sculptor, Vidal by name, is among the wonders of France. He is guided altogether in his work by the sense of touch. A dog, horse, human face, or anything alive or dead, he models with as much ease as any of the dozens of Parisian sculptors who still retain the faculty of sight. From 1855 to 1875, Vidal received, it is said, more medals than any other exhibitor of works in the Paris art exhibition. Many of his works, made in the solitude of his perpetual midnight, were at the Paris exhibition, where the blind wonder contended in his friendly rivalry with his less unfortunate brother artists.

Decorative art has lost a valiant soldier in the Commandante Antonio Salviati, who died at Venice a few weeks since. Signor Salviati was by profession an advocate, but he was passionately devoted to the study of the art manufactures of his native city. He interested himself in particular with the fabrication of coloured glass, so long carried on in the island of Murano, and the cognate production of mosaic. It was Salviati's great honour and glory to revive in our time which had become a moribund art; and he worked not so much for profit as to vindicate the celebrity of Venice in the production of that Byzantine work which differs widely from the kindred arts of Florence and Rome.

The relations existing between 'Artists and Art Critics' are candidly reviewed by Mr. H. Spielmann in *The Magazine of Art*. The latter's position, he says, was never so firmly established, and the leaders of this noble craft will ere long receive universal appreciation; they it is who popularize art, not the artists. Many of them are unfitted for their posts, but many artists also are wanting in the essentials of their work. Mr. Spielmann appeals to artists to help the critics by throwing open their studios to them that the growth of their work, the purposes they aim at, their 'artistic codes of morality,' may enable the latter to judge with a wider knowledge than exhibited works alone could convey.

The *Art Review* (Walter Scott, 24 Warwick Lane, London) is a monthly illustrated magazine of art, music and letters. The February number contains two noble portraits of Browning—one taken, we would say, about twenty-five years ago, and the other (frontispiece) not very long before his death. These portraits and a design—in memoriam—by Harrington Mann, illustrate a poem on the poet by William Sharp, who visited Canada last summer—a poem of which it is enough to say that it is not unworthy of the theme. We give the opening line and closing stanza :

So, it is well : what need is there to mourn ?
For he has built his lasting monument
Within the hearts and in the minds of men ;
The Powers of Life around its base have bent,
The Stream of Memory, our furthest ken,
Beholds no reach, no limit to its rise.
It hath foundations, sure ; it shall not pass,
The ruin of time upon it none shall see
Till the last wind shall wither the last grass—
Nay, while man's Hopes, Fears, Dreams and Agonies
Uplift his soul to immortality.

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HUMOUROUS.

MISS GARRULE: I have had that parrot for three months now, and it has never spoken a word yet. Caller: Perhaps you have never given it a chance.

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.—“Ah, that horse was a gallant beast,” said Gen. Vane. “You should have seen him at Antietam—he scented the battle afar off.” “You bet he did,” said Kuhl “if you were on him.”

SHE (trying to give the conversation a literary turn): What do you think of Marie Bashkirtseff? He (who prides himself on his general information)—“Er—excellent—excellent, but—er—she’s not Lillian Russell, you know.”

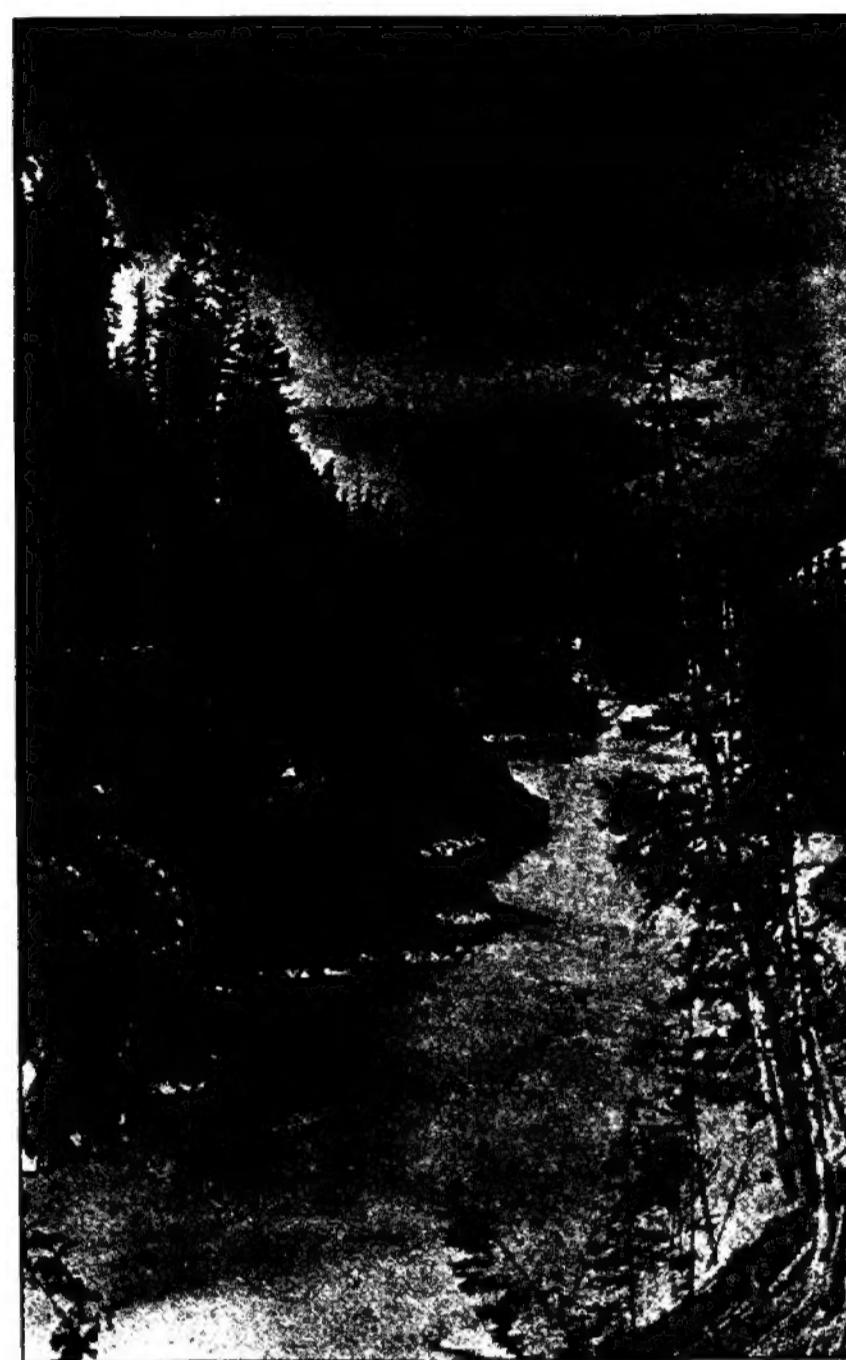
TRIALS OF A MEDICAL MAN.—Physician (shaking his head): My friend, I can do nothing more for you. Patient (alarmed): Why, what is the matter, doctor? Physician (gloomily): You don’t need any more medicine. You have quite recovered.

THE WANING OF THE HONEYMOON.—He: Jove! It’s awfully lonesome here. She: Yes. We are worse off than Robinson Crusoe. He: Not so bad as that. She: Yes, twice as bad. There was only one of him. There are two of us—just twice as lonesome.

“I don’t believe I am very popular with your father,” said Herbert, sadly. “No,” she answered frankly, “you are not.” “Do you know of anything I could do to make him like me better?” “I don’t know of anything,” she answered after some thought, “unless you could go away somewhere and die.”

AN old lady who witnessed a production of The Merchant of Venice many years ago went again recently to see the story of Shylock enacted upon the stage. Upon her return home she was asked how she liked it. “Waal,” said she, “Venice seemed to have been spruced up some since the first time I saw it, but Shylock’s just the same mean, ordinary thing he was forty years ago.”

MINISTER (to choirmaster): The music went splendidly this morning. Choirmaster: Yes, I flattered myself it did. Minister: I am glad to see the singers give their whole energy to the important religious work. There is no deception in such singing as that. Choirmaster: Well, no, I should say not. You see, Mr. Thumper, I told the choir last night that an operatic manager would attend church today for the purpose of finding some good voices.



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